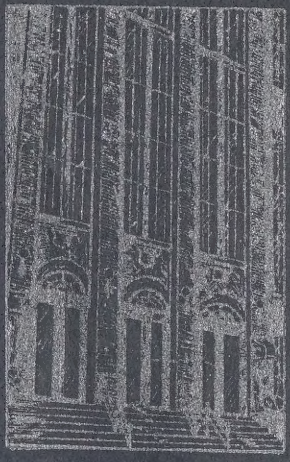
Grumbler.



'43-'44

The Grumbler

KITCHENER-WATERLOO COLLEGIATE
& VOCATIONAL SCHOOL

Volume 36 — — 1944

DEDICATION

To the graduating students
of the Kitchener-Waterloo Collegiate
and Vocational School,
this Grumbler is
dedicated.

EDITORIAL

GRUMBLERS of other years have been dedicated to former students in the services, Mr. Merritt, or the King. This year we are going to be selfish and dedicate it to ourselves, to the men and women of the graduating forms who are going out into the unsettled world of to-day. A few will continue their learning in universities; some will go directly into the services; many will start their work in life. It is to all these that we dedicate our Grumbler.

They have had a chance to play at life while at school. Now they will play for keeps. We hate to admit it, but we have been living very sheltered lives. We have been told exactly how and where to find our work. We will soon have to reason things for ourselves. We have been warned in good time for all our exams. If only we could be told in advance how to meet the tests of life. Our teachers have checked our work to keep us lazy fellows working. We will soon have to check ourselves, for no one will care particularly if we fall by the wayside. Our sports have been perfectly organized to get everyone playing. This is perhaps the end of active participation in sports for some of us, although others will continue to play in their spare time the games which they grew to love while at school. We have groused and grumbled, but we may soon realize that it was a soft life, in which the greatest hardships were the final upper school examinations.

So, graduating students, we are dedicating this Grumbler to you, in the hope that it may bring back memories, of "the happiest years of your life—little things, like the clean streak on the wall for as far as the scrub women could reach; the dignity of Mr. Merritt's presence on the platform; the happy bedlam of changing classes; Mr. Unwin signalling wildly at the students to sing their best for the benefit of the radio audience; the so-tender corner romances that make the participants radiant and give an afterglow to the watcher; Nick's beaming face behind a broom handle; the boys who sit at the entrance to the Assembly Hall, and just look, but make every look a whistle; the cosy contented feeling that you get from the soft hissing of a radiator and the industrious scratching of pens on a blustery November day . . . ."

And so, as the Timer raises the flag to start the Great Game, we say to you, as Mr. Hodd has said at the beginning of many another struggle, "Let's go, and go fighting."

Editor Harry Weaver, A13A

FOREWORD

THE WORLD is now in the fifth year of the throes of the present conflict waged with such determination and intensity that our cherished institutions and our way of life are in danger of being shaken from their very moorings. We are being led into a revolution, the outcome of which no man can definitely foresee. But whatever may be the nature of the moral, social and economic structure which will emerge from the conflict, the ultimate leaders will come from the young people who are crowding our High Schools and Colleges, and decidedly, from the youthful forces overseas. Let us hope that these young people will be imbued with the fighting spirit forcibly portrayed in the closing sentences of the editorial of the magazine of this year.

We continue to believe that our various extracurricular activities powerfully inculcate those qualities of courage and determination that are now and will continue to be in demand. The production of the school magazine furnishes one of the largest fields for the development of the necessary qualities. In 1943-44, as in other years, the teachers and pupils who have assumed the arduous, but pleasant, task have been active and zealous. We therefore salute Miss Saari and her associates on the editorial, literary and reportorial staff, Mr. Hodd and his business assistants, Mr. MacMillan and the form representatives who had charge of circulation. The attractiveness of the magazine is enhanced by contributions from the artists of the Camera and Poster Clubs.

I can well picture the talented, having completed all details, eagerly awaiting the issue from the press and . . .

"resting from their labours, content,
To enjoy the event."

R. N. MERRITT

Mr. Merritt . . .

AN APPRECIATION by Warnock MacMillan, B.A.

WHEN Miss Saari, the literary sponsor for the Grumbler, asked me on behalf of the teachers and students, to write an appreciation of Mr. Merritt, the retiring principal, I caught a glimpse of the significance of what George Herbert Clarke meant, when he said, "an individual feels more than ever to be tied up by the shackles and fardels of language, when he attempts to express the finer feelings of respect, admiration, and devotion,—these are intangible qualities of the soul, and cannot be adequately expressed in words".

To the countless number of K.W.C.V.S. graduates, to the student body, and to the staff, the resignation of Mr. Merritt brings a sense of regret and loss, but we are proud of the fact that we have had the opportunity and privilege to work under his guidance and instruction, to know something of his inspiration for his work, to study his quiet philosophy of teaching and living. It gives us satisfaction to know that he has been a strong influence in moulding our thinking, in creating within us a sense of the value of good citizenship, in giving us sound methods of teaching, and in helping us to appreciate the advantages of student government.

Mr. Merritt has enjoyed sound health throughout his career, and he has always had a vigorous outlook on life. For him, still capable physically and mentally, to resign, must have demanded courage, at a period when the school is at the highest peak of development and success in its history.

As principal his life is interwoven with every activity in the school; he has outstanding ability as an organizer, and has an unparalleled interest in student and teacher alike. He possesses an ever-widening vision which has followed modern trends in education. It is a result of this vision that K.C.I. enjoys first place not only in Academic and Commercial achievement, but in the field of athletics, and in the cultural subjects, music, drama, debating, public speaking and literary work.

As an administrator he is always thorough and painstaking, with a wealth of information at his disposal, and with the interest of students always uppermost in his mind. He possesses in high degree that first quality of a teacher, a keen interest in youth and a deep human interest in the individual student. To know every student by first name in a large school is no mean achievement.

He spends many hours making individual contacts with his students. No student or teacher comes with a problem which does not arouse his interest. True, he sometimes remarks rather ruefully on the large part of time that is wasted by the indifferent pupil, but no one, be his record ever so poor, fails to find a sympathetic interest and some good advice.

He always has kept in touch with the various organizations throughout the school. His counsel and advice to succeeding executives of the Students' Council furnish just that touch of direction which has made our student government a truly democratic organization. We associate his presence with us at our assemblies, as a leader who does not sway the student body with conversational brilliance, but as a man who directs their talents into proper channels of endeavour, by a timely compliment for activity well done. Mr. Merritt's presence has ever been a challenge for a student to do his best. We associate with him a strength of character and force of will in discipline, which is always directed for the students' personal welfare and for the general welfare of the school. He, however, commands rather than demands respect.

A wide freedom combined with the utmost co-operation and loyalty is the keynote of Mr. Merritt's attitude toward the staff. His encouragement and advice helped to smooth the way of many a young instructor at the outset of his career. His sympathies are not always with the too orthodox teacher; the personality of the teacher is more to Mr. Merritt than the subject matter taught. He likes to think of the teacher as one with sound judgment, strength of purpose, and a saving sense of humour. He appreciates the experimental attitude on the part of the teacher but he admonishes his staff to bring to the class room, interest, industry, and discipline personified in co-operation. His policies are taught by precept and example. He has fostered a spirit of good will and harmony between the members of the staff and himself, to such an extent that we have developed a deep loyalty to him, not only as principal, but as a friend who understands each one of us.

There is another person who is an integral part of our school — Mrs. Merritt. Her presence at all school parties added the charm which only Mrs. Merritt in her inimitable manner can bring to such occasions. Her sense of humour, and her broad understanding of human nature are always refreshing to us. Her loyalty to the staff, and to the students, is evident by her presence with Mr. Merritt, at all activities at the school represented in the cultural programme. And to see her side by side with him during a cold November Saturday afternoon, watching with interest and pride the yards gained by our rugby boys was sufficient challenge to anyone who could not completely appreciate the spirit of our school.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Merritt believe that a good teacher has the right to be a human being and enjoy a social life. We shall always recall with pleasure their presence at our staff parties. Mr. Merritt, himself an enthusiastic curler, encouraged this sport among members of the staff. The annual dinner at which Mr. and Mrs. Merritt entertained the staff was an occasion to which all members looked forward in anticipation.

To-day we think of Mr. Merritt with respect, admiration, and devotion. He is a leader of determination and resolve, a good teacher, a beloved principal. His influence has gone deep and will be abiding. In the makers of K.C.I. he will always have an honored place.

IN MEMORIAM

Flying Officer Robert Anderson
Flight Sergeant Wilbert Bauer
Sergeant Keith Boyer
Pilot Officer James Brown
Pilot Officer Donald Brubaker
Sergeant Pilot Hugo Dotzenroth
Sergeant Pilot John Heimrich
Sergeant Pilot Wilbert Hergott
Sergeant Pilot Ralph Hill
Pilot Officer George McDonald Jones
Pilot Officer Glen B. Loney
Warrant Officer Donald J. McKay
Sergeant Leroy Plate
Sergeant Robert H. Rahn
Sergeant Pilot Earl Ruppel
Leading Aircraftsman Roy G. Schnarr
Flying Officer John Spaetzel
Flight Sergeant William Thurlow
Leading Aircraftsman Richard Wellein

"TO A MOTHER from her Son at sea"

Dear Mother: You have never watched an angry sea
Thrust out its ageless hands and clasp an open sky,
You do not comprehend the foolish fate or idle chance,
That sends your sons on waters, tossing white, to die.

You have not speechless watched the tired summer earth
Embrace the silent onslaught of an evening tide.
Or seen the flaming death of autumn day, at sea,
Or glimpsed the patient stars in fleecy beds abide.

You do not know the loving hate, we silent bear
For these same depths, on which we make our trackless way,
This fickle mistress of each faint and flaming hope,
This devil's cauldron where the Gods of Hell may play.

I did not choose to die the silent, nameless death,
Heritage of the vast and vagrant ocean deep;
I did not choose some rolling, foam-packed timeless wave;
Alone, to make the darkened depth, where tired clay may sleep.

To-night — I sail again the mighty mounts of tossing foam,
I cannot explain the things that really have to be;
He sails with us who calmed the warmer, ancient wave,
That lashed the depths — that night on Galilee.

If death be the Fortune tomorrow's sun may hold for me,
We have travelled paths the great have ever trod,
You will not comprehend or really ever understand;
We have sailed the mighty tides of Life with God.

—Able Seaman K. A. 'Sandy' Baird,
R.C.N.V.R., Kitchener, Ont.

Grumbler Production Staff

Standing left to right: Onalee Walter, Exchange; Fred Schneider, Literary; Kenneth Howard, School Events.

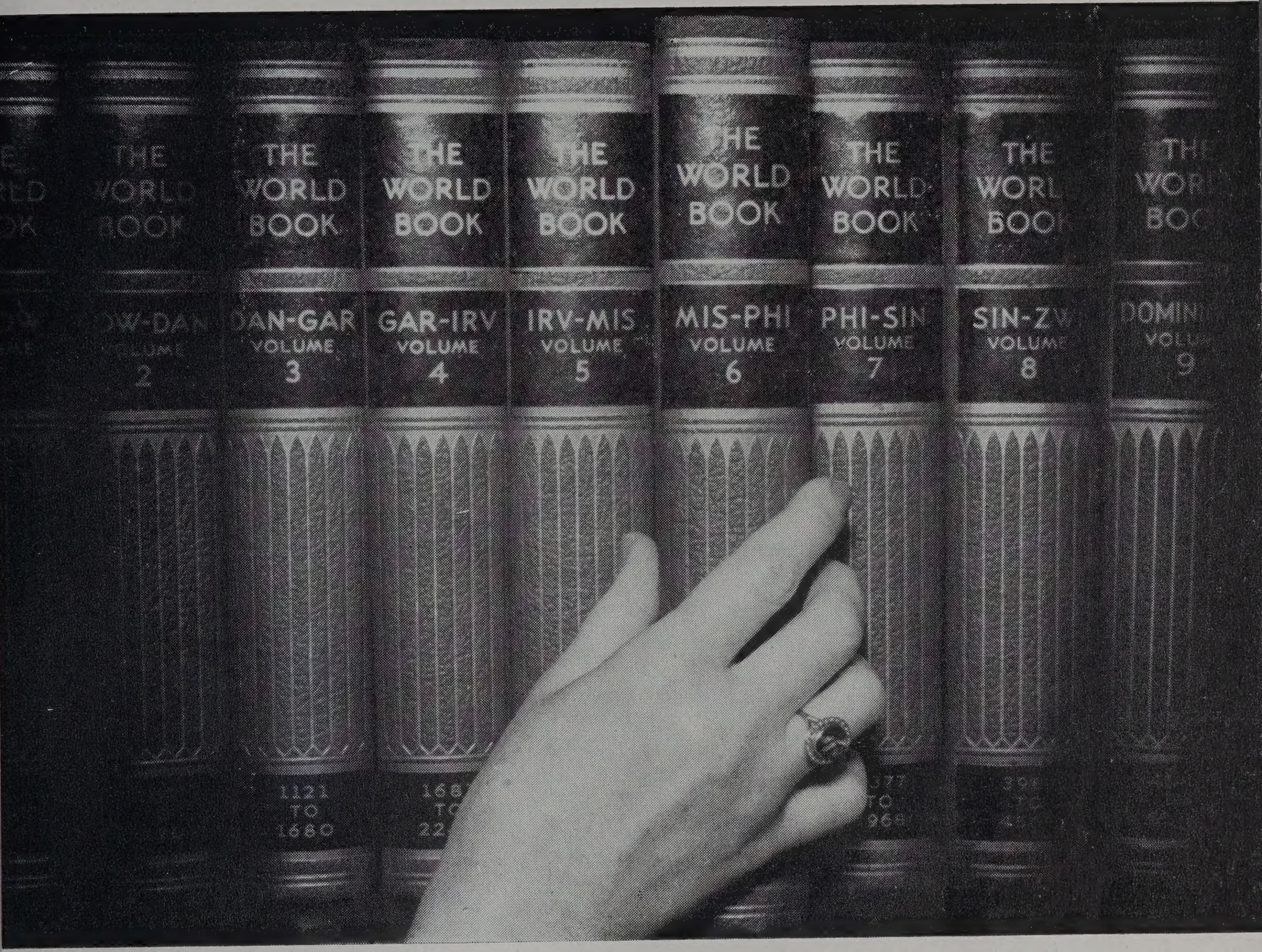
Seated: Bill Pugh, Jean McKenzie, School Organizations; Sylvia Beshkin, Literary; Miss H. Saari, Production Sponsor; Harry Weaver, Editor-in-Chief; Doris Klugman, Form Notes; Howard Butler, Sports; Earl Pollex, Art.

Absent: Robert Bowman, Photography.

Grumbler Business Staff

Standing left to right: John Boothby; David Woeller, Advertising Manager; Jack Bramm.

Seated: William Shantz, Circulation Manager; Mr. W. MacMillan, Circulation Sponsor; Mr. R. J. Hodd, Business Sponsor; Marion Hollinger; Vera Gross; Helen Bulmer; Corrine Boyer; Jack Walter.


THE WORLD BOOK
OW-DAN VOLUME 2
DAN-GAR VOLUME 3
GAR-IRV VOLUME 4
IRV-MIS VOLUME 5
MIS-PHI VOLUME 6
PHI-SIN VOLUME 7
SIN-Z VOLUME 8
VOLUME 9
1121 TO 1680

LITERARY

«One of Our Planes is Missing»

"All the world's a stage, and all the men and women merely players.
They have their exits and their entrances."—Shakespeare.

HENRY JANZEN, AXIIIC.

THE DRONE of eighteen hundred Rolls Royce horses came as soft and seductive music to the ears of Squadron Leader Johnny Payne of the R.C.A.F. Mechanically, his eyes ranged over the instrument panel, checking methodically the various indicators which gave him, as it were, a picture of the inner metabolism of his modern Pegasus. Having satisfied himself, he allowed his eyes to sweep over what was left of the horizon by the setting sun, now just a glowing semi-circle beyond his left wing tip, slowly sinking behind the edge of the world. On his right, a few of the bolder stars shyly peeped out from behind the veil of the night, mercifully hiding the scars of a war-torn world. The moon, too, in all its cold and haughty glory, condescended to gaze pityingly on the sick and convulsed planet of the mortals. To the right and left, and a little behind him, Johnny could see the bluish exhaust flashes spurting from the planes of his squadron mates. Below him, lay the countryside of Occupied France, now just a dark plain, upon which, here and there, gleamed a feeble sliver of light.

Johnny was still young, — you had to be, to be a fighter pilot,— and into his mind came crowding many poignant days at college, his mother, and father, and younger brother, in their unpretentious but comfortable little home. At this time of day Dad would be reading the evening paper, Mom would be washing the supper dishes, and Bill would be tinkering with his models. He wondered how his old gas job flew now; it had cracked-up badly last August, just about a year ago. It seemed like a century. He smiled a little at these recollections, and once again his eyes swept over the instrument panel, gathering its intelligence.

The minutes ticked by. As his thoughts wandered farther afield, the glow of the instruments grew dim before Johnny's tired eyes, then suddenly disappeared. In its place was a jumbled and jagged mass of wires, metal tubes, and splintered glass. Fiery hornets hummed past his head. Enemy fighters! The realization flashed through his mind and immediately he acted. Flinging his plane on its back, he plummeted down to engage the rising enemy. His squadron mates followed. The fight was on. The calm night air was rent by the vicious chatter of machine guns, the duller thump of cannons, the whine of bullets, and the scream of tortured metal. Johnny, however, was not destined to fight for long. A dark shape suddenly materialized, hurtling at him from the side. Before either pilot could act, the two aircraft locked together with a blinding flash and began to spin, slowly at first, but with ever increasing speed, toward the earth.

After the first numbing shock of the crash, Johnny began to work frantically to get out. Glycol, oil, and gasoline spurted from broken feed lines; thick oily smoke gushed from under the engine cowling. With a heave of his shoulders the flimsy cockpit cover was wrenched from its twisted runners. The rush of air tore at him; flames licked out to sear his face and hands; the smoke blinded him! his flying suit began to burn. Johnny struggled out of the twisted fuselage and onto the wing. He was about to let go and use his parachute when he noticed the pilot of the other plane struggling to free himself. It was a Messerschmitt 109F. Flames were licking around the German pilot, showing their ugly forked red tongues. The cockpit cover of the 109 was pushed back, but apparently the pilot's foot was caught in some wreckage, preventing him from escaping. The German's face was covered with blood from a deep gash in his cheek. Johnny felt instant compassion for him. To die by burning was the most horrible death he could imagine. The Spitfire and the Messerschmitt had locked in a peculiar way—the wings forming a sort of bridge between the two twisted and flaming fuselages not ten feet apart. Could he help — this German? Johnny did not know. Besides, why should he? The German was his enemy and he hated all that he stood for and that he was fighting for. Why should he risk his own life to save this German, his enemy? But to die by burning —horrible. These thoughts raced through Johnny's mind. He told himself to jump before it was too late. But he felt a strange kinship to this German. Johnny began to worm his way along the wing.

Flames lashed out at him and it seemed to him that all the devils of the air were pulling and pushing him to hinder his progress. After an eternity—which lasted approximately thirty seconds—he reached the fuselage of the Me. 109, and, planting his feet as firmly as possible on the wing, he bent over into the shallow cockpit and began to tear at the girder imprisoning the other's foot. It gave suddenly and the German wrenched his foot free. Johnny helped him from the plane and then noticed that the other wore no parachute. There was only one thing to do. Johnny did it. He flung his arms about the German's waist and yelling for him to hang on, threw himself and his burden out into space. The chute blossomed out above them, arresting their fall, and below them their planes disintegrated with a blinding flash. They had jumped not a moment too soon. As they sank to earth, Johnny took the opportunity to study the face so close to his own.

It was an intelligent face with a high forehead and finely chiseled features with a clear bronze skin, now covered with blood from the ugly cut in the cheek. It had none of the heavy brutality so often associated with the German, but looked like the face of a man who would not be above stopping and petting a stray dog, and if need be, even giving him a bite to eat from his own meagre rations. Beneath his flying clothes Johnny could feel a lean and muscular body. He had broad shoulders, apparent even in the unflattering loose-fitting jacket he wore. During Johnny's study of the German, the German with equal interest studied Johnny. Johnny realized suddenly that although their features did not resemble each other, they were almost exactly the same height and build, and weight, the German perhaps being slightly leaner and lighter. The resemblance was so marked that Johnny had the disconcerting notion that were he to look in a mirror, what he would see, would not be greatly different from what he saw before him now. The feeling of kinship he had experienced when he first saw before him, and knew instinctively that the German, too, felt the same bonds of kinship that he felt.

"Can you speak English?" asked Johnny, surprised at himself that he spoke in a whisper as if fearful of being overheard.

"Yes. I attended Oxford University for four years," came the whispered reply, as if the German, too, was fearful of being overheard.

The night was calm; no wind disturbed the stillness of the Channel no more than two miles distant. For this Johnny was thankful; there would be trouble enough in landing without the wind to make it worse. The air battle in which they had taken part had moved so that the sounds accompanying it were barely audible. The parachute carrying twice the load was approaching the earth with a much greater velocity than it would have under ordinary conditions. Johnny could still not see where they were likely to land; he hoped there were no buildings below him against which they might be dashed and like as not, be killed. He strained his eyes downward through the darkness. Now he could make out some of the details. Below him, to the right, stood a dark, blacked out building, surrounded by a group of trees; from the building led a road, upon which he could make out a long endless line of vehicles. The sounds of their straining motors came to their ears.

"I'm slipping," stated the German calmly, almost impersonally.

"Hurry on," whispered Johnny, fiercely tightening his hold.

"We're almost down now." He saw that they would miss both the road and the building—they would alight in a field a short distance away. He relaxed as much as he dared without relaxing his hold on his passenger and shut his eyes, waiting for the shock of the landing. The earth rose to meet them at a terrific rate. With a dull thud they hit. The blow knocked Johnny senseless. When he came to, he felt that he was lying in soft grass, cool with dew and comfortable to his scorched face. He did not open his eyes for a long time. He just lay there, letting strength seep back into his tired limbs. Then he opened his eyes and sat up. As he looked up he received such a shock that he nearly lapsed back into unconsciousness again. Before him stood the young German officer. In his right hand gleamed a small vicious Luger automatic pointed straight at Johnny's heart. Johnny was so dumfounded that he could not speak. "You saved my life, Englishman," said the German in his precise Oxford English, "Thank you, I am indeed grateful. You will now consider yourself my prisoner. Please do not force me to shoot you by attempting to escape. It would seem a great inhospitality if I should reward you for saving my life by taking your own. Let me assure you that I very seldom miss." Johnny believed him. The situation was so bizarre that he could not think clearly as yet, imagining himself to be in the grip of a bad dream from which he would awake presently. It was only too real; however, he assured himself by a surreptitious pinch. This was actually happening. "Stand up," ordered the Nazi. Johnny stood up, almost against his will. He seemed as if hypnotized; his eyes never left the German's face. Gradually his scattered thoughts fell back into place and over his expressive features spread a look of contempt, not hatred. He could not hate this man. True, he was in enemy territory, and the German whose life he had saved was his enemy, but surely the German could have given him a chance to escape. He asked no help from him, just a chance to make his own way back to England. And now this! His judgment of this Nazi had been wrong, so very wrong. He had judged him as a man with at least a little common decency. Visions of dirty German prison camps swam before his eyes; bad food, vermin infested buildings. He wished he had died an honorable death in his plane. Now he was faced with the possibility, in fact it was a strong probability, that he would die like a rat, in a prison camp. The Nazi's gun never wavered from the spot on Johnny's left breast. "I will not ask you to raise your hands," spoke the German. "Kindly clasp them behind your back and start walking straight ahead, in the direction of the road, and may I warn you again not to try to escape. I'll be right behind you. Now, march."

Johnny did as he was told. Wild schemes of escape rushed through his mind but he had no time to try any of them. Over the top of a small rise that hid the road from view came a squad of German infantry, bayonets held at the ready, in charge of a German Obersfeldwebel. The Nazi Sergeant recognized the bars and eagle of a German air Officer on the breast of Johnny's captor, saluted smartly, and spoke in German to the officer. "We saw the parachute alight after witnessing the collision and come to take the British prisoner. I see you have the situation well in hand. Will you hand him over to us now, sir?

"No," answered the officer, "I am taking him to my squadron headquarters as a guest of the officers' mess. He should be able to give us much valuable information, after a bit of persuasion" — the squad of men laughed knowingly at this remark—"Commandeer a car and driver for us, Sergeant." "Yes, sir" answered the sergeant, with an evil grin, "Heil Hitler." "Heil Hitler."

The sergeant ran off up the hill. "Now march up to the road, Englishman. Guard! Take care of him. Johnny was surrounded by the Nazi squad, searched for weapons and was then marched up the hill, the German officer leading the way. On the road a long line of lorries laden with soldiers and munitions were making their way, away from the coast. Probably for the Russian Front, thought Johnny. Around a corner hurtled a German staff car with the Sergeant at the wheel. It screeched to a halt before the little group. The German officer ordered Johnny into the rear seat and followed him, keeping his automatic trained on Johnny's back. Then he gave some directions to the Sergeant and the car started off with a clashing of gears, in the direction of the coast, flashing by the heavily laden transports. Johnny's emotions, which had been asleep as if under the influence of a strong drug, gradually awakened, and for the first time since landing in the parachute he spoke.

"You low down dirty Nazi snake," he said softly, "you didn't even give me a chance to escape. So this is the product of the master race, a man without even a vestige of honour or decency. I've read of the Nazi type, but have never fully believed it, until now."

The German laughed in his face. The cut in his face had been rudely bandaged, and it gave him a grotesque, sneering look. Johnny said no more. How long had it been since he was sitting in his plane, heading for England? It seemed years and years ago. A glance at his wrist watch assured him that barely twenty minutes had elapsed. How quickly a man's destiny can be changed. Twenty minutes ago he had every reason to believe he would be safely back at his airdrome. Instead he was riding, a prisoner, in a German staff car, his only possible destiny death, or a German prison camp. He preferred death—he would die anyway in the prison camp. His free spirit would break and leave him, in such confinement. His thoughts turned to memories of home, once again; happy memories they were. The thought that he would never see his family again was too much. A tear rolled down his cheek and he choked back a sob. It was not the tear of a weak man; it was the tear of a very strong man caught in a situation he could not remedy. He stared out of the window, averting his face from the stare of the German officer. He would not let these Nazi curs see him cry.

It was a long ride, along a road that followed the undulating curves of the shore for miles. Now and then the car flashed through a sleeping French village. It was almost ten o'clock when the car finally stopped before a dark building on the edge of a large field. Not a hundred yards away lay the smooth waters of the channel. The building was an old farmhouse with an adjoining stable, from which came the sorrowful moaning of a few cows. This did not look like an air field, thought Johnny. Yet the German had said he was taking him to his headquarters. The young German officer answered his unspoken question.

"The hangars and maintainance shops are all underground. The field is well camouflaged in the daytime with a few cows and horses and an old peasant workman. You English have not yet discovered its existence." He ordered Johnny out of the car, dismissed the Sergeant peremptorily and marched Johnny around to the back of the building. From here a path led down to an old ramshackle dock ,to which was tied an ancient motor launch. If only he could reach that boat, thought Johnny, but it was useless to speculate. The German would shoot him before he had gone ten paces. He resolved to try.

"What are you thinking?" came a soft voice from behind him. "Turn around." Johnny's heart sank. The German had apparently divined his thoughts. He turned slowly, determined to take advantake of the first opening in the German's guard. The German's righthand was extended but it no longer held a gun; the German's eyes were no longer cold and hard, but soft and friendly, and he was smiling.

"Shake, Englishman," he said." Perhaps I am all you said I was, but give me credit for being a human being. You saved my life. I can never repay that. As I told you, I went to Oxford before the war and am perhaps more British than I am German. When Hitler rose to power, I respected that man and his high ideals of avenging the German people. I was, after all, a German. I went back to Germany and became in due time an officer in the Luftwaffe. Then came the invasion of Poland. I have seen atrocities committed by our army and air force that have turned my blood cold. I suppose I am not a good Nazi. One time my squadron was ordered to strafe roads filled with refugees. Some of my squadron mates took great delight in this; it nauseated me; I purposely missed the roads. I have never intentionally machine gunned any of them. My respect for the Nazis is gone, but I cannot change now. I fight you British pilots because I have to and because I want to protect the country I love even though I despise the Nazis who have control of it. There are many people in Germany who feel as I do, but they make up a very small minority. Believe me, when I say that often times I would sooner shoot down some of the ruthless butchers I know to be flying at my side, than to fire one bullet at my enemy. But enough of this talk. Down there by the dock is an old launch. You will find it in running condition, with enough fuel to take you across the channel. Take it and get out of here. You will never find this secret field and by the time you reach England the troop movements you witnessed will be over. And now good-bye. If we meet again it will be in the air and may God grant that if ever I am shot down, it will be by you."

Johnny, during all this speech could only stare stupidly at the German officer. Then his right hand shot out and gripped the German's in a firm grasp.

"Thanks," he said with a catch in his voice. "When I first saw your face I judged you to be the type of man you have just shown yourself to be. Were you British I could ask no better friend. As it is, we can still be friends, although, as you say, if we meet again, it will be necessary for each of us to do his best to shoot down the other. May the best man win. But tell me, why did you not wear a parachute, and why did you fake my capture? Why didn't you let me go my way out there in the field?

"As for your first question," came the answer, "we were roused from our beds when your squadron was sighted. I did not have time to don a parachute. My answer to your second question is this—You would not have gone one hundred yards before you would have been shot like a dog by the guards. Those troop movements you witnessed are desperately important; the guards have orders to shoot any suspicious character first, and ask questions afterwards. Only by feigning your capture could I save your life. You cannot imagine how I felt when I realized where we were about to land. It was without exaggeration the deadbest spot any Britisher could possibly have landed in tonight. Now go. The other officers will be back from the village in half an hour. They must not suspect a thing."

"Good-bye," said Johnny, "may we meet again in the hereafter."

With these words he ran down the path to the launch. It was as the German had said. The motor was old, but it ran, and the fuel tanks were full. Johnny set his course for England. Once more he turned. The German was silhouetted in a beam of moonlight. He waved; the German waved back, then disappeared into the darker shadows of the house. Johnny felt he had found and lost in the space of three hours one of the truest friends he had ever had the fortune to know. "May God protect you," he murmured under his breath.

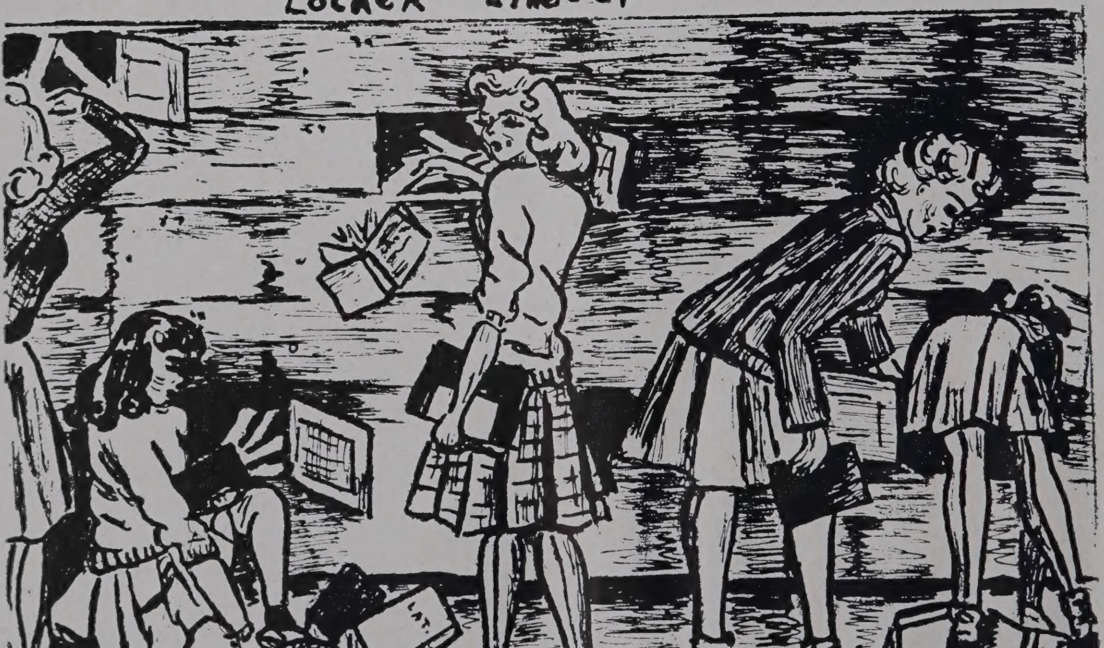
* * * *

Johnny never did find that hidden field, although he combed the coast day after day, trying to locate it. It would have meant a decoration and perhaps a promotion, had he found it, but he was never sorry that it escaped him.

Thirteen enemy aircraft are now chalked up to the credit of Squadron Leader Payne. He does not talk about this, though, and he is strangely silent when other pilots curse the Nazis. He knows of at least one who will never be caught shooting a man in the back. He knows of one who is a clean fighter and a gentleman, worthy to fly with the best of them. Some day the two of them will meet again, when war, bloodshed, and hate will be far behind. They will again shake hands, but this time it will not mean good-bye.

* * *

Locker Line-up



A Man's Best Friend

RUBY RECHSTEINER, CXB

LARRY Campbell stood watching the small puppy who was bouncing against the fence of the kennels. It was a cute pup, black, with long floppy ears, a tongue as red as a raspberry and eyes as bright as buttons. Suddenly he ran away and came back carrying his feeding bowl.

"Oh, so you're hungry," said Larry, taking a small piece of meat from his pocket and handing it to the dog. "Here now! Be quiet or the rest will hear you."

The puppy took the meat, but he was so excited he barked louder. After the dog finished eating, Larry stooped down and patted it on the head.

"'Bye. I'll be back to-morrow. Be a good fellow."

The small dog poked his nose through the fence. Some day he was going to get out and follow that boy to school. He had dug a hole several times, but the kennelman had always filled it up again.

Larry walked slowly to school with his head bent. Formerly he had run so he could meet Daphne, but since the new boy, Joe Martin, came to town, Daphne didn't wait for him. Joe had a coupé painted canary yellow. It was called the "Hep Cat", and all over it, in bold red letters, were written sentiments and jokes. It had a horn that played the first line of "She'll be Coming 'Round the Mountain When She Comes" and on the front, hanging from the aerial, was a squirrel's tail. Daphne, the best looking girl in town, had fallen for the "Hep Cat". She even bought herself a yellow sweater and hairbow to match the car, and everywhere the car went, Daphne went too.

As Larry reached the school, Joe's car drove up and out stepped Daphne swirling her soft skirt around her lovely legs. Larry tried to pass without being seen, but Joe had to say something;

"Hi, Larry, walking I see."

"I'm sorry about the show last night," said Daphne. "You're not mad at me, are you, Larry?"

"No."

Joe came up and took Daphne's books.

"We ran over to the lake last night. We sure had some fun," he said carelessly.

"Daphy, there's a double feature at the Century to-night. Would you like to go?" Larry knew without asking that she wouldn't, but it had become a habit to ask her.

"I'm sorry, but I promised to go to a picnic with Joe to-night." Larry walked away. Darn Joe Martin anyway! Before he came to town with his coupé, imported clothes and tuxedo, Daphne was his girl. She even wore his pin, but Joe had to be such a big shot. Maybe if he had a car she would go with him, and then he could show that Joe Martin something. Quickly he ran down to his father's office. Perhaps Dad could lend him some money. He had been down to the used-car lot. He could get a car for forty dollars. The man had said it was a real buy. This car was a sedan and not a coupé. Even though the back seat had no springs, and the stuffing was leaking out in the front cushion, it was a pretty good car. The dent in the left fender could be smoothed out, and the brakes could be fixed. He hurried into his father's office, but his father would not let him have the money.

"No, I'm sorry, Larry. The last time you wanted a dog, and the time before that, a camera. You're as changeable as your mother. You better run along to school now or you'll be late."

He couldn't tell his father why he wanted a car. You just can't explain things like that to your father.

He flunked a history exam. that morning. Who cares what Bond Head did anyway? Why did they always give a fellow exams when everything was in a mess?

After school he hurried home. Maybe Mom would understand about the car. No! This was Mom's day at the Red Cross rooms. He entered the house, ran up the stairs and tugged out his old tennis racquet, snow shoes and a few other things. He could pawn them and perhaps get enough money to buy the car. He ran down the back stairs and out to the garage. He dumped the things into the carrier of his bike, and rode down to the second-hand store where he got five dollars for them. When he came back he passed the kennels. For a long time he sat in the grass watching the puppy. The kennelman came and fed the dogs. Larry watched while the ten puppies all crowded around the bowl.

"Where's the little pup?"

"He didn't eat much," replied the man. "All he does is lug his plate around."

After the dogs had been fed, Larry rode down to the employment office and got a job helping with the salvage. He had quite a bit of trouble trying to get to school and to work at the same time, but nothing mattered as long as he got the car. He could get it in time for the formal dance if he worked hard enough. As he walked home he passed the kennels. The puppy sat by the fence and gazed wistfully at him.

"When are you going to get me out of here," he seemed to ask.

Larry tried to find an answer to that question, but the car came first. After he got the car maybe he could buy the dog.

On Saturday he received his pay. He took a bath and put on his good suit. He started walking down to the used car lot, but as he passed the kennels the man said.

"You won't be seeing this pup anymore."

"Why?"

"Some people are going to buy him. They want him for their baby to play with."

"But he's not a dog for a baby. He'll get pulled around. How much do you want for him?"

"Thirty dollars."

Larry took out thirty dollars and handed it to the kennelman. He took the dog and went home. Mom was in her bedroom, sitting before the dressing table. Larry went in and showed her the dog.

"Can I keep him, Mom?"

"Ask your father dear, when he comes. I'm in a hurry to get to a nutrition lecture."

Larry watched while she combed her hair. Gee, Mom looks beautiful, he thought. It was the first time he had noticed it. Why, he'd always thought before, that when people got to be forty, they weren't pretty anymore.

After Mom left he took the dog into his room and sat down, trying to figure out why he'd bought him instead of the car. The car was really what he wanted. Then it came to him that perhaps he could enter the pup in a "show", and if he won a prize, he could buy the car after all.

He named the dog "Taps". For weeks he took him for walks and combed his silky fur until it shone like a Christmas star. Every day he went down to the kennels and watched the kennelman taking care of the dogs. Maybe if he trained Taps enough he could enter him in the July dog show. Taps was beginning to look more like a show dog instead of a lost lonely pup. Even Dad thought so.

The day of the show Larry's stomach seemed to whirl around inside him. He combed Taps until the silky fur shone. He practised walking him and doing various tricks with him. His father drove him and his mother to the show. Larry walked among the boxes looking for his number. He did not feel too good when he saw all the different breeds of dogs with ribbons around their necks. Perhaps he hadn't done the right things; maybe Taps was too fat. A girl in slacks was putting a dog in the box beside Tap's. She smiled and said, "Are you afraid?"

"No, not exactly," Larry said, with emphasis he did not feel.

"Just remember to watch the judge all the time and don't walk the dog too fast. 'Bye, I have to see about some more dogs."

After she left, Larry walked around the grounds. He saw Joe and Daphne go in. They teased him saying:

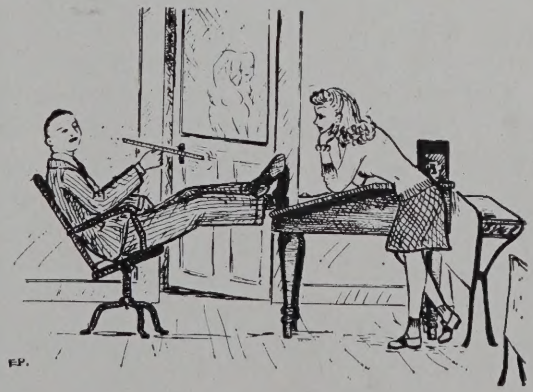
"Think that runt will win?"

"He's not a runt," replied Larry hotly.

At last it was his turn to go in. The girl in slacks was standing by the gate. She gave his hand a squeeze and told him to remember what she had said. A big showman was in front of him with a reddish-brown cocker spaniel. Larry walked to his place. His stomach seemed to be in his mouth. He looked up and saw Mom and Dad. The judge came along and picked out the best dogs. Taps stood very quietly. looking at Larry as the man handled him. The judge passed on, then came back again. Taps' number was called. Larry had to walk him around, then run with him. He remembered what the girl said about looking at the judges and giving Taps plenty of leash. His head began to spin when the judge announced the winner and placed the blue ribbon on Taps' collar. Larry saw Mom and Dad smiling. The men told him something about coming back later with winners, but he was so excited and happy he didn't listen very closely. He picked Taps up and hurried back to his box. As he was crossing the field, Mom and Dad came up, smiling, and congratulating him. Daphne came up too saying,

"Larry, I'll go to the show with you to-night if you like."

"No, I'm sorry, Daphy, I can't. I've got more important things to do." He hurried away and caught up to the girl in slacks. "Come on, let's get a hot dog."



This Unknown World

ROSALIE STROH, A10C

TWILIGHT found Brother Wind tossing about the haunted house in his usual restless manner. Half-heartedly he seeped through the cracks in the walls; then gathering himself together, he breezed over to tickle the spider webs that hung and swung in the corners.

Absorbed so in his play, Brother Wind forgot to watch Twilight approach, and accordingly forgot his duty. But finally he grew tired, and resting on the ceiling he was aware of noises—loud noises! That was Mater and Pater Ghost still asleep in the wall, and here it was fifteen minutes past Twilight.

In a whiz Brother Wind had crossed the room and was up to the knot-hole in the wall from where he could view two snoring humps on the bed. Tactlessly he awoke the sleeping pair by blowing his breath through the hole so forcefully that they rose off the bed like soft summer clouds. The angry grumbles of the Ghosts suddenly reminded Brother Wind that he was about to leave anyway. So quicker than a draught he was off.

Soon Mater Ghost went down to the kitchen and tried to get Pater's lunch together while Pater was shaving. Although it was time that he shaved, it was a difficult feat to find himself in the mirror. On regular days Mater just packed ordinary bacteria, for Pater was carnivorous—but today was Friday which meant more work! His food had to be gotten from the creek, so she had to hurry.

When Pater came down after shaving he looked fine, although a little more transparent than usual. No doubt he didn't like to be late for his new job, for he had been promoted from ordinary worker at the haunting section of the cemetery to chief ground manager. This was really quite a responsible position; so, bidding "adieu", he disappeared in a puff.

Mater heaved a sigh as she began her lonely task of haunting the house. Whistling in a shaky falsetto, she went about to be sure all hinges were rusty and full of squeak powder, and to adjust those that were not. As she leaned over to fix a spider web, she was suddenly blown to one side, and she knew that Brother Wind had returned.

Brother Wind had always tried to keep Mater company while Pater was away, even if he never could stay very long. But lately he had noticed that she was only a shadow of her former self. "Mater," he asked worriedly, "what is bothering you?" "O, nothing really," Mater replied, "but I guess it would be better if I told you." So Mater sat down and told Brother Wind all her troubles—how lonely she got when Pater left her, and then how he often came home drunk.

Evidently Pater had two ways of coming home, one short and one long. Coming home from work, Pater usually took the long way, thus passing a horrible tavern. The aroma from the place was so strong that he couldn't avoid getting drunk, and sometimes he lost his senses entirely. Mater believed he might start haunting the countryside, instead of only the cemetery which was against the law. She pleaded with Brother

Wind to help her, for she was afraid that Pater's drinking would break up their mariage, and that they would have to live in separate haunts.

After much deep though, Brother Wind had an idea.

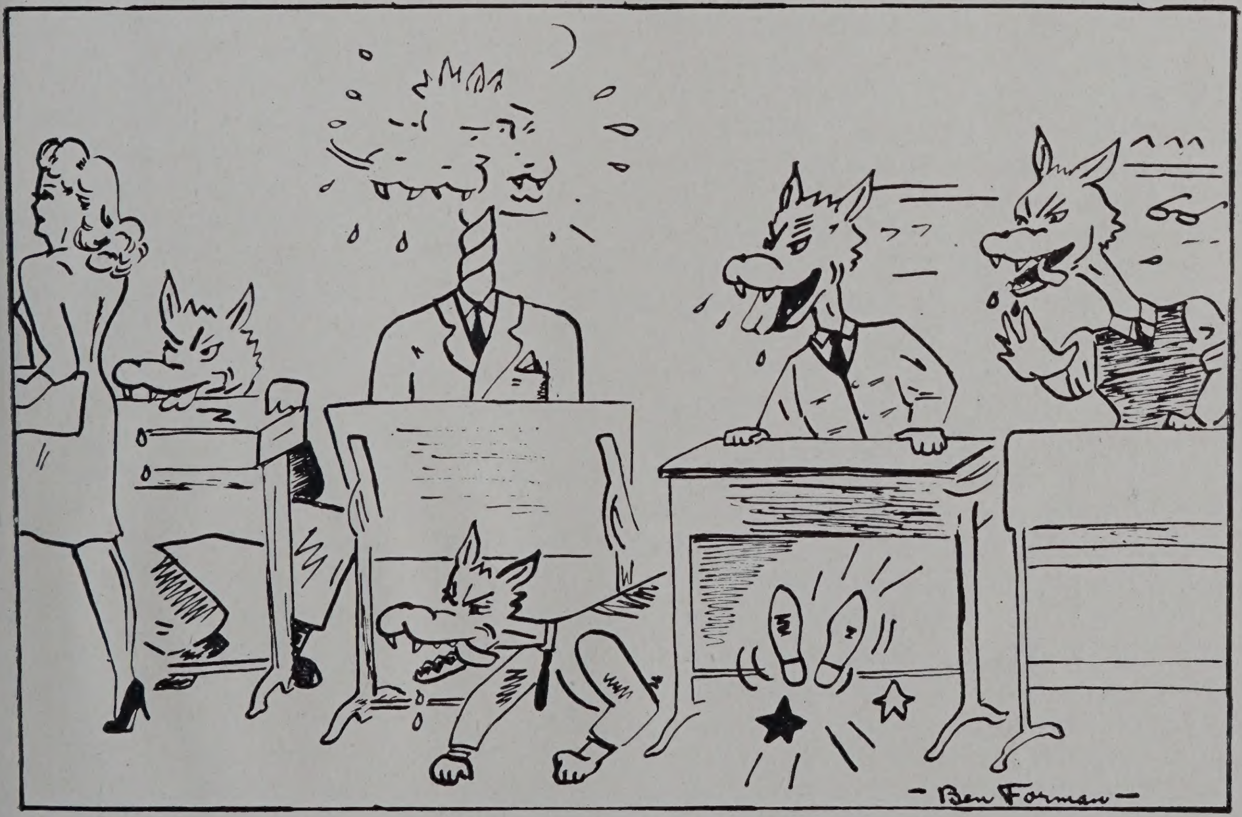
"We'll get you a baby, Mater Ghost. Pater likes babies, doesn't he?"

Yes, Pater likes babies, but unfortunately babies were no common thing around this part of the land. But Brother Wind soon had a solution. Every night the Stork flew over the valley, carrying a baby in his bill. So the Wind planned to blow real hard when Mr. Stork came by. In fact he was going to blow the baby right out of his bill, and naturally when the baby reached the ground, he could only be a baby ghost.

"But I must hurry," Brother Wind added, "for the Stork will be along any minute now." So saying, he was gone.

Mater couldn't remember when she had been so happy. Years seemed to pass while her heart was pounding hopefully. Then she heard it; she really and truly heard it! Above the squeak of the door there was an unusual sound, a muffled crying, a noise that a baby ghost might make.

She found it on the front porch—a tiny baby ghost all wrapped up in a pale blue sheet. Everything was perfect now. She'd never be lonely again, and she know that Pater would never come home drunk again, because he would always rush home from work to see baby!



MARDI GRAS

SYLVIA BESHKIN, A12A

WITH sails unfurled, like a stately Dutch Mevroy gliding along the frozen dykes, the ship slid out of the harbour towards the old world. Over the rails, a young man gazed at the ever changing, never colorless scene before him. The pulse-quickening sights became stretches of translucent water, the blue skies and the blazing sun became a black velvet ceiling studded with stars. Still the young man stared ahead blindly, eyes filled with misery, thinking . . . thinking . . .

"All hands on deck!" bawled the skipper. "Avast there! Haul in the sheets! Steady as she goes! Ready? Here we are, lads!" The good ship, Marco Polo, just 16 days out from France, sailed triumphantly into New Orleans Harbor. Down the lowered gang-plank streamed a seemingly endless cross-section of humanity . . . excited young girls chattering vivaciously to their chaperones; sullen bondsmen in chains, staring insolently in mute hatred at their masters; portly business men only too glad to have finished with the tiresome journey. All were sucked in and swallowed voraciously by the whirlpool of activity. But in all this human maelstrom, a young man stood intact, enchanted at what he saw. Huge derricks swung cargoes perilously overhead; enormous negresses in stiffly starched skirts and snowy turbans, little ones clinging to their skirts, waddled by, supporting almost unbelievable burdens on their heads; graceful young mulattoes grinned briliantly as they displayed tempting wares; sailors sped to and fro, tripping over piccaninny, who whined, "Penny mister? Penny pretty lady?"; cabbies called "Anywhere in the city for just a franc! Anywhere in the city, mister!". From the low waterfront haunts, strident coarse voices could be heard even above the din, and here and there a dull drunkard wended his woozy way lifting his voice in raucous song. Everywhere was bustle and confusion and colour. Colour in the women's dresses, colour in the blue sky and sea, colour in the singing darkies, colour in the white sails, colour in the cargo, and even colour in the gloomy grey warehouses.

The young man could not tear himself away from this shifting pattern, but an elderly, and obviously successful man approached him and said, "Monsieur Alexander D'Arcy, I presume?"

"You presume correctly, monsieur," responded Alexander politely. "And you must be my uncle's brother-in-law, Louis LeBrun."

"I am. Bring your luggage, and we will go home. In a few days, we will decide what you can do."

LeBrun was in fine humour, and informed Alexander that he would be as a son in the house. Cutting short all Alexander's attempts at thanks, he hastily changed the subject.

"Life in New Orleans is gay," he said, "very gay. It is good that you arrived today, for tonight begins the Mardi Gras. Oh, to be young in Mardi Gras time!" and the portly M. LeBrun heaved a regretful sigh.

Alexander laughed sympathetically, and glancing around, gasped in astonishment. "Mon Dieu," breathed D'Arcy, "who would believe such beauty would exist. Had I been told, never, never would I have thought such loveliness possible. Oh! Such flowers! Such trees! . . ."

he stopped having run out of adjectives and words.

Now it was LeBrun's turn to laugh in sympathy.

"Yes, yes," he said goodhumouredly. "I wonder what you will say tonight when you see the floats."

Alexander did not say much that night, for he was rendered speechless at the grandeur. Superb float after float followed each other, each more fantastic than the last. Finally the climax came, when Rex, the King of Fools, was crowned King of the Mardi Gras.

Oh, the street dancing and singing that followed! Masked stranger greeted masked stranger, and life was gay and wonderful. Flowers were hurled playfully, and the skies seemed to rain confetti. Everywhere was wine, and song and gaiety. Suddenly, a rose glanced off D'Arcy's cheek. Looking up to the balcony above, he saw a bevy of giggling young girls, and in the middle of them the one who had apparently taken the dare. Gallantly, he stooped and placed the rose in his lapel. The girls shrieked prettily, and then he heard their chaperone's voice calling them inside.

He watched them go, until LeBrun touched his shoulder and said, "Come my friend, it is time to go to Madame de Loisel's ball." Obediently, Alexander followed him.

At the ball, all made a great fuss over the young man just arrived from "home," and begged for news from the courts of France. He did his best to satisfy their curiosity, and then devoted himself to the pleasanter duties of a ball where there are many pretty girls.

One of the girls, not more than 18, looked vaguely familiar. Later when the opportunity arose, he danced with her, and whispered softly, "Ma'mselle of the Rose, I presume."

The girl blushed, and then stammered in confusion, "Oh! Oh, but it was just a dare, M'sieu . . . an accident."

"A very lucky accident," responded Alexander. "You are beautiful, Ma'mselle, and without your mask you would be more beautiful still."

"Oh M'sieu!" murmured the girl, enchanted.

"Will you unmask?" he pursued gently.

"Oh no, M'sieu," she demurred. "Not 'til Mardi Gras is over can I unmask."

"Such cruelty," sigher Alexander. Then hardhearted young Ma'mselle, I shall merely exist 'til that great moment arrives."

Day after day followed in a golden whirl of gaiety. Each night he become more and more entranced with, and fell more and more under the spell of the mysterious love. At last the great moment arrived, and the girl removed her mask.

"Mon Dieu," whispered Alexaner. "Some wise Spaniard once said: Three times three things must a girl have to be beautiful. Black hair, black brows, and black eyes; white teeth, a white skin, and a white brow; rosy cheeks, rosy lips and rosy nails. Oh Ma'mselle, you are beyond my wildest dreams. Make me the happiest man in this world, and permit me to escort you home."

Color flew twin flags in her cheeks. "My name," she murmured starry-eyed, "is Annette Mariner. It is so kind of you to bother with me."

The rosy fingers of dawn were beginning to send their rays into the darkened heavens, Mardi Gras came to a glorious end, and Alexander D'Arcy led home in triumph, his promised bride. So enraptured was he with her beauty, that he did not notice where the carriage had drawn to a stop.

"Tomorrow," he breathed, "tomorrow at noon I shall come with a priest, and we shall be married."

"Tomorrow," she agreed.

For the first time, Alexander noticed his surroundings. Cold reality struck him in the face like an icy wave. Squalid, sordid shacks comprised the slum.

"D-Do you live here?" he stammered with a pale face. "Is this your home."

"Yes," she replied. And then, seeing his pale face, cried out in alarm, "It doesn't make any difference, does it? Oh, say that it doesn't matter!"

"It doesn't matter," he repeated dully, as if in a trance. "Adieu 'til tomorrow."

Alexander's heart ached. He was deeply in love with the sweet Annette. If only he could return to her and explain; he was but a poor young man, and must marry a girl with a dowry, but always, in his ears, a voice seemed to be saying "three times, three things. . . . Oh say it doesn't matter."

Spring became summer; summer lengthened into fall; fall deepened to winter. All over the world, crimson and gold leaves fell from the trees, and silver snow drifted lazily from the skies. But in New Orleans all was green and fresh. Mardi Gras came again, and Alexander D'Arcy's heart was heavy.

One day, when life did not seem worth living, a letter reached him from France. Alexander was now a wealthy young man with vast estates.

Alexander's joy knew no bounds. Blithely, armed with gifts, he went to beg for Annette's understanding and love.

Uneasiness, as wraith-like as the fog, crept over him.

"It is lucky that I am not superstitious and take the fog as an evil omen," he thought uneasily.

Joyfully, he mounted the steps of the Mariner hovel. He knocked, and the sound echoed hollowly through the house. A knarled negress, her eyes red with weeping, answered the door.

Cold fear clutched Alexander's heart.

"May I," he stammered, "May I see Ma'mselle Mariner?"

The negress burst into noisy tears.

"Oh woe, oh woe," she sobbed with abandon. "My poor lamb. We'll never see her again. Today they buried the innocent child. She was so happy after last Mardi Gras, and waited each day in her wedding dress. Then the roses faded slowly from her cheeks, and then she had no desire to live."

The cold hand seemed to be squeezing the last drops of blood from Alexander's heart. He turned an ashy grey.

"I came to tell her," he managed to say jerkily, "of someone who has just left a large fortune as a dowry for all poor girls who are in love with, and wish to marry poor young men."

He turned abruptly, and walked slowly into the fog, his head bent, as if asking forgiveness.

The sails unfurled. Like a stately Dutch Mevro gliding along the frozen dykes, the ship slip out of harbour towards the old world. Over the rails a young man gazed at the ever changing, never colourless scene before him. The pulse-quickening sights became stretches of translucent water, the blue skies and the blazing sun became a black velvet ceiling studded with stars; still the young man stared blindly ahead, eyes filled with misery, thinking . . . . thinking . . . .

«Her Borrowed Beau»

Janet Cochrane, A12C

"I have a right to si--ng the blu--u-es--" drawled out the voice of the most popular blues singer of the day, with that certain catch in her voice that had thrilled millions. The throbbing music floated out across the room creating a "Mood Indigo" that was in keeping with Janey's spirits. This unhappy teen-ager sat motionless in the deep armchair beside the record player, her eyes glued to the black disc which spun round and round on the turn-table. Except for the deep sighs she heaved periodically, one might have thought her a permanent fixture in the living-room. Janey would not resort to tears—heavens no—for Pete had said that he simply abhored "leaky dames."

Pete was the lad who had cast her into such depths of despair. What else could be the cause of so much suffering but a man? "Cherchez l'homme" as the old saying doesn't go. Yes, her best beau had deserted her for the fiery redhead who had moved into town. All the boys in their crowd had tried to rush her—even her Pete. Competition had been stiff; so, when he won a date to take her to the season's biggest dance, Pete had been proud as a peacock. And here was Janey left in the lurch—left to sit at home and chew her fingernails which had taken weeks to grow to this glamorous length. Even her family had gone out to-night, deserting her in this crisis. How could men be so fickle? "I gave Pete more credit than to think he'd fall for the wiles of that woman," she mumbled to herself. "I never did care much for redheads—especially her type."

These murderous thoughts continued until the telephone in the hall jangled persistently, fairly demanding to be answered. "I'm coming, I'm coming," Janey mumbled aloud as she made her way into the hall, wondering what Mr. Bell's pet invention wanted this time. As she lifted the receiver the excited voice of a young man shouted gaily in her ear.

"Hello, hello, is that you Sue? How are you? I just blew into town. Gosh, it's swell to be home for the first time in years. If you're not busy, you now have a date for to-night."

"Well I—I—" stammered Janey. "This isn't—"

"Oh, I know this isn't giving you much notice, but put on your best duds and I'll be over in a flash," interrupted the voice before she had a chance to explain that her older sister Sue was out of town. The metallic click at the other end

of the wire told her it was too late to explain now. The young man had a date all right, but it was the wrong sister. Janey knew "the voice" belonged to Paul Stevens who had just arrived home from England to do some instructing at a nearby camp. Paul was a commissioned officer now — quite a jump from the carefree lad who had dated her sister four years ago.

Yes, four years had probably made quite a difference—it had in Janey. At that time she had been Sue's kid sister, a little demon in pigtails who had heckled Paul whenever he came to the house. The only words he had ever said to her were "Go away, small fry," or "Scram, pest." But the pigtails were unbraided now and replaced by wavy blonde hair which turned up in careless curls where it fell on her shoulders. Her teeth no longer needed that bothersome brace of former years. Instead they sparkled brilliantly between lips that now were brightened by a touch of lipstick. No longer was Janey a gawky youngster. She had donned high heels and the air of a charming young lady.

She wasn't feeling charming at the moment, however, as she leaned aginst the hall table pondering her next move. Suddenly an idea penetrated the fog in her mind. Well, why not? It wasn't her fault that he hadn't let her explain the mistake. She'd make him keep the date. When he recovered from the shock of finding her waiting for him instead of Sue, perhaps she could persuade him to take her to the dance. It was worth a try.

She ran upstairs and dashed madly about the second floor, from one room to another, in that seemingly endless process girls call "getting ready." For a moment she gazed longingly at Sue's nylon hose where they lay folded in the bureau drawer. Temptation was the victor. As long as she was borrowing Sue's old boyfriend, what was a pair of stockings, even if they were nylon?

Finally she descended the steps to answer the ring of the door bell, looking as sophisticated as her seventeen years would permit. Janey bit her lower lip as her hand cautiously opened the door.

There, with the black curtain of night forming an impressive background, stood a handsome young army officer, whose broad shoulders did an excellent job of filling the doorway. He stepped into the bright hall, grinning broadly from ear to ear.

"Why, if it isn't 'Little Pest'," he greeted her fondly. "Turn around and let me have a look at you. Well, for heaven's sake, the baby's growing up! What, no pigtails, no braces, and—no freckles?" he excliamed, giving her nose a closer inspection. At one time it had been generously sprinkled with brown dots. "Either they did a fast fade-out," he teased, "or else that's a pretty smooth camouflage job."

"Oh, they've been gone for ages and ages," blushed Janey.

"Ages and ages!" laughed Paul. "That makes you sound like an Ancient. Is Sue ready, 'Little One'?"

"She—she isn't home," Janey stammered feebly. "Here's a chair. Please sit down and let me explain."

And so Paul sat down, and Janey began her long recital with great detail concerning her own sad situation.

When she had finished the tale, Paul grinned broadly, "Put away the funeral face, 'Little One'." He then assured her he'd be glad to rescue a lady in distress.

Janey's dampened spirits began to feel brighter—much brighter.

"The Victory Ball" was in full swing when Janey proudly entered with her hand tucked under Paul's arm. Lieutenant Paul Stevens was the talk of the town. His daring deeds in service overseas, and the news of his homecoming had spread through the town like wildfire. Yes, Paul was news all right, and he was Janey's—for to-night.

All that wonderful evening she floated over the floor with him, fearing every minute that she'd wake up and find it all a dream. Many were the whispers and envious glances cast her way by other less fortunate females.

Janey finally caught sight of Pete, who was whispering sweet nothings into the ear of his carrot-topped girl friend.

"He's probably stringing her the same line he handed me. I hope he hangs himself with it some day!" she thought venomously.

Pete saw her too. Janey laughed inwardly at the sheepish look on his face. Funny, she didn't feel any pain in her heart—no hurt at all.

"How could I ever have mourned over that silly adolescent?" she mused as she looked over Paul's uniformed shoulder and watched Pete jitterbug. Pete could have all the redheads in the world as far as she was concerned; gentlemen preferred blondes and Janey preferred Paul.

What a wonderful evening it had become. Paul was such a smooth dancer, and, as Pete would have said in his slangy jive talk, "the music was out of this world."

The dance ended finally as all good things must, and Prince Charming landed her on her own doorstep. Janey thanked him profusely, for he had proved himself to be an excellent "blues' chaser."

"Oh, that's all right, 'Little One'. I enjoyed every minute of it myself. Good-night, Janey."

"Good-night, Lieutenant," Janey said, closing the door on a wonderful evening. But Paul opened it again, and poked his head in to say with an impish grin, "Oh, by the way, Pest, let me know when you grow up."

Grumbler Interviews

DOROTHY RUSHTON

We ran into Dorothy Rushton one day in the main corridor and we stopped to ask her the students' view-point on teaching. Dorothy teaches typing to the C.W.A.C. and to the girls in the Civil Service every day after four o'clock. To quote Dot, she said, "It is very interesting and I enjoy it immensely." She said the girls carried on with their work even when she was out of the room (take a hint, students!). Dorothy found only one sad part about the job and that was the fact that she could not attend tea dances because they conflicted with her teaching, but she did state that it was fun to give orders for a change, and not to take them.

Marion Hollinger, A13C

MISS HAMMOND

When we called at the Household Economics Department, Miss Hammond obligingly showed us around the neat little joint, including all the nooks and crannies. We came face to face with some interesting gadgets, including a creature called a Pressure Cooker. Not being the domestic type, we didn't know whether to run or say, "How do you do?" It turned out to be a temperamental invention, which if mistreated, makes like a fountain and shoots baked beans or split peas towards the ceiling. More fun for the "kidees" in the cooking class!

In a confidential tone, Miss Hammond told us that whenever the washing machine goes on strike, every girl in the room volunteers to run down to Mr. King's room in search of an electrically-minded lad to fix it. Great attraction, those Tech. boys — or maybe it's Mr. King! Well, it's possible, isn't it?

Planning and preparing meals for the cafeteria must be quite a task. You have to be on your toes, in more ways than one, to avoid a mix-up, what with gravy and maple sauce looking so much alike! We've never tried maple sauce on our potatoes, but, come one of these days and who knows? According to Miss Hammond, the girls show a preference for serving on the boys' grub line.

One young lady, while ladling soup, was greeted with a "Hey, babe, did the chicken really walk through this soup?" That's gratitude for you! You work and slave over a hot stove all morning and then comes a remark like that. But never mind, girls, we think you and Miss Hammond are doing a great job of supplying K.C.I. with its victuals and vitamins.

Janet Cochrane, A12C

MR. DOWNES

As we approached Mr. Downes, our absentee-checker-upper, he let forth a low guttural sound which we took to be a laugh. It was. On his desk was an "absent slip" stating—"I started for school yesterday when I became weak in front of the Capitol Theatre, and I went in to rest." We'll have to try that excuse; it sounds good. He handed us another one which said—"I tore my trousers in a badly situated place and went into the show till dark so I could go home unseen." We'll leave that open for discussion.

But here is the "low down" from "high up". The office is clamping down on truancy. The truant may find himself faced with expulsion or the juvenile court. This check-up plan will be operated next year; so start thinking up some new excuses. The old ones won't work.

E. Hayes, A12C

Library Laughs

We ambled into the school library one noon hour to find it full of young bookworms, who seemed to be enjoying their diet of thick volumes and magazines. Special menu for the day was "Mademoiselle," with "Glamour" for dessert, which the young Tech. boys, if you please, devoured ravenously, their eyes growing bigger and bigger, their ears rosier! We picked our way over to the desk in the corner where we dug Mrs. Moyer out of a pile of book reviews. She was chuckling away to herself, but with the proper persuasion, let us in on the joke. The book reviews seem to provide a constant source of amusement. Evidently, some young lad had reported on a book of games and gave this summary of a game called "Rabbit's Ears." Quote: "Everybody has to wear ears — You have to be able to take it to walk around with rabbit's ears on and these ears lend atmosphere to any social function" — unquote. We must try that game someday. Another young reader was reporting on that very informative, best seller "How to Win Friends and Influence People." The form of the review demanded that she state two new ideas acquired by the reading of this book. She had hastily scribbled: "(1) how to win friends; (2) how to influence people." Smart kid!

According to Mrs. Moyer, war books are becoming increasingly popular; however, such favourites as "Thunderhead" and "My Friend Flicka" are giving them a run for their money. We paged through some of the new airplane mags. and found numerous pages missing. Some young scamps had probably found likely material for a warplane scrapbook.

As the lunch hour was drawing to a close, we put the books back on the shelves, let Mrs. Moyer bury herself, once more, in book reviews, and quietly tiptoed out of her sanctuary. JANET COCHRANE, A12C

Mr. Van de Water and The Drapes

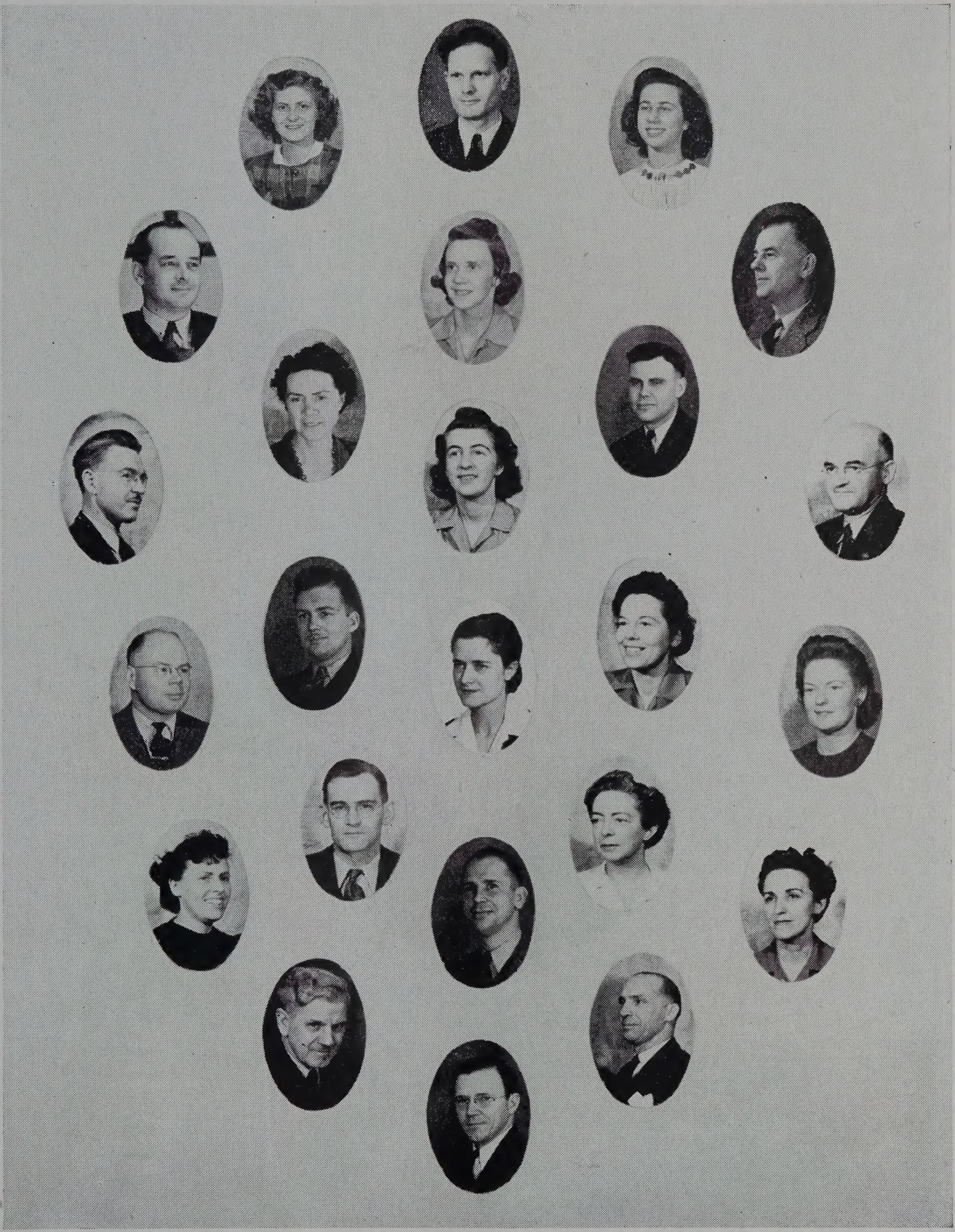
Mr. Van de Water has just had a hard fight but he's won. Our school secretary finally had the old drapes in the Assembly Hall "hanged" and new drapes hung. But now what will the actors on the stage do, because with the old drapes, all they had to do to see the audience was to poke their finger through them. For their sake, maybe we better put back the drapes with the twenty year droop. But the flashy new red and gold curtains brighten the atmosphere and we can do our work in spares better. (That looks good on paper.) Early this school year, it was decided to replace those old curtains, but no material could be obtained. Again Mr. Van de Water pulled the rabbit (or should we say drapes) out of the hat and by December he had the required 400 yards of material on hand. During the hanging the two men working on it fell. We thing Gord Robinson should send them a wreath.

No sooner were the drapers, rather the drapes, hung than people began to complain about the mauve curtains and black backdrops. Again our school secretary went into a huddle with the Board and came out with a new set of curtains and backdrops.

We certainly have to hand it to Mr. Van de Water for making the Assembly Hall a new beautiful place to dream in and one to be proud of. E. HAYES, A12C

THE STAFF

Reading at top from left to right: Mr. F. Pugh, Miss M. Douglas, Mr. C. Philp, Mr. F. W. R. Dickson, Mr. E. Devitt, Miss H. Tangney, Mr. R. N. Merritt, Miss L. Augustine, Mr. B. Thompson, Mr. J. St. Amond, Miss I. Sim, Mr. C. Harding, Miss H. Saari, Mr. J. Hodge, Miss H. Hammond, Mr. H. Minielly, Mr. W. Downes, Mr. R. Hodd, Mr. H. A. King, Miss C. Coumans, Miss A. Eby, Miss J. Wilhelm, Miss M. Malleck.



THE STAFF

Reading at top from left to right: Miss M. Scott, Mr. F. Montgomery, Miss N. Stone, Mr. P. Berg, Mrs. J. Moyer, Mr. C. Laing, Miss L. Snider, Mr. W. MacMillan, Mr. H. Class, Miss E. Smith, Mr. J. P. Van de Water, Mr. L. Robbins, Mr. R. Brown, Mrs. G. MacDonald, Mrs. M. Holmes, Miss H. Nairn, Miss J. Blair, Mr. G. Bailey, Mr. H. Wallace, Miss F. Wright, Mrs. J. Bull, Mr. M. F. Dickson, Mr. A. O'Connell, Mr. W. Unwin.

MR. BERG

We fought our way through a conglomeration of chairs, music stands, violins with dangerous bows, to interview Mr. Berg as he stepped down from the podium just after Junior Assembly. He hastily mopped his beaded brow, and gave us a wan smile. Approaching the subject of our Glee Club and Orchestra activities, we gleaned the "info" that this year is a banner year for size and organization, for the school's musical society contains more than 200 people. The united group is presenting a music festival in March. As we talked of the Festival, an enthusiastic gleam burned in his eyes. It seems that Mr. Berg sees this event as a forerunner of big things to come.

He dreams of a combined city and rural festival, lasting a week. While visiting Milwaukee, he attended a festival lasting 2 days, which consisted of 6,000 students, with 1600 sixth grade students on the stage at one time—can't you see them hanging from lights, rafters, stage ropes, etc. In our own school, lack of facilities hold us back. "But just wait till after the war," were his parting words as he hurried out of the hall.

Isabelle Chivers
Helen Creager
A11A

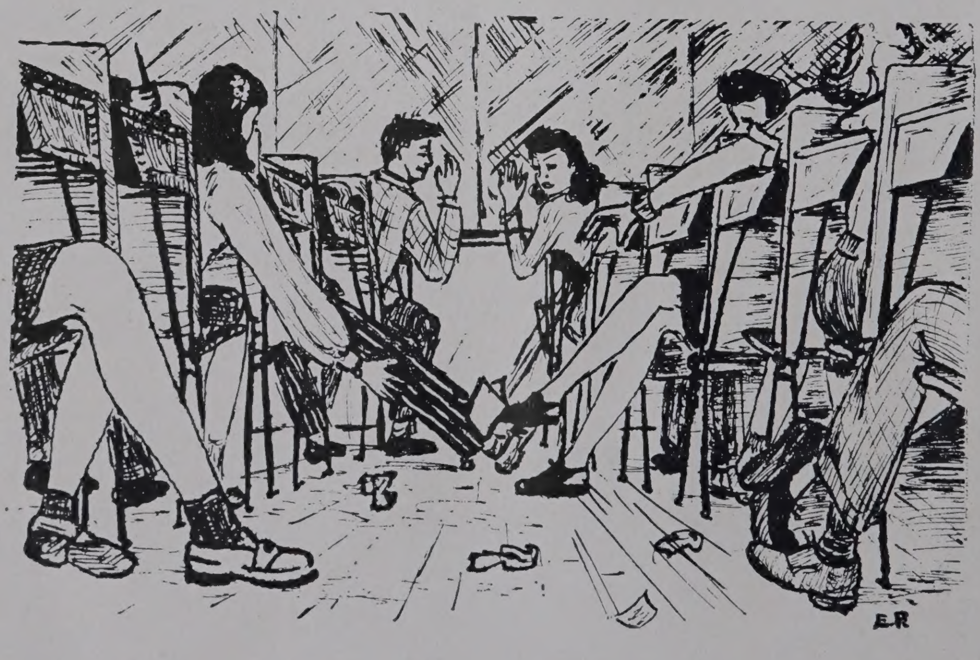
Collegiate Grumblings

A recent chat with Gord Thompson reveals that the students have offered their help with the Grumblings this year more than any time in the past.

As you all know, reports on each school activity and coming events are submitted to Mr. Unwin or the Grumblings' editor, and these are published in Saturday's Daily Record. But mind you there's plenty of clatter and clamour when the "Senior Assembly" is late. Mr. Unwin dashes in; Gordon dashes in; Mr. Unwin dashes out; Gordon dashes out; and oh, the Practice Office works until 1 o'clock. The Daily Record is contented and we all have a headache.

Yet in spite of all this, Gord and his committee thank you for your splendid co-operation, and hope that you read your Collegiate Grumblings as well as Lil' Abner.

Yvonne Sommers C12



EXCHANGE

Onalee Walter

The HOLT SCHOOL MAGAZINE,
Liverpool, England.

It has always been said that the English have a subtle wit. Your magazine certainly proves it. The "Tour of the School" is an original feature. The article entitled "Pick 'Em Clean" about the fellows harvesting potatoes sounds familiar to many of our boys. In all—a wonderful magazine!

The KINGSTON "TIMES",
Kingston, Ontario.

Belated congratulations to the Kingston Collegiate in honour of their 150th Anniversary. The history of the Collegiate from a village school to its present state is a timely account. There is no lack of humour. A fine edition!

Paris High School "YEAR BOOK",
Paris, Ontario.

The letters from graduates on active service add a very human touch to your magazine. You folks certainly keep track of your graduates even to "Marriage", "Births" and "Deaths". The honour roll shows evidence of splendid work.

Stanstead College "ANNUAL"

Biographies of graduating students are ideal. The candid camera shots show real campus life. K.C.I. envies your ski team. The Alumni Notes display much careful research. The cover is striking. All your school activities are well done!

Fort William "ORACLE"

Brandon Collegiate
"THE NEW ERA"

Jarvis Collegiate Institute,
"THE MAGNET", Toronto.

"GREENOCK HIGH SCHOOL MAGAZINE", Greenock, Australia.

"KING'S SCHOOL MAGAZINE",
Parramatta, Australia.

Grandma's Cherries

The most highly treasured article in our home is a jar of fifty-eight year old cherries canned by my grandmother Taylor the first year she was married

When we moved, my mother carried them on her lap, carefully wrapped in cotton batten and protected from breaking by a heavily corrugated carton. In our fruit cellar they hold a place of honour isolated in the darkest corner.

After friends have enjoyed the hospitality of our table, my father lights his pipe and, between enjoyed puffs, inquires of our guests if they know that we have a jar of cherries that are . . . etc. We children listen respectfully wondering which one of us will be asked to bring forth the treasured fruit.

When the cherries are brought to the dining room for inspection, the guests give forth with "How remarkable", and "Amazing, isn't it?". Mother, looking pleased, invites them to be among our friends when the cherries are opened. The number of people who have been invited to be among our friends must by now include the greater part of the population of Canada. When the joyous day comes, we shall have to charter a park and surrounded by our at-one-time-invited guests each partake of our portion of the cherries, which when divided equally will be about one exotic sniff.

Originally the cherries were white with a crystal clear syrup. They stayed in this condition for about thirty years, but now have turned quite cloudy. Upon examining them, one is aware of the ever present danger that they might at a moment's notice, angered at the thought of being cooped up for fifty-eight years, throw up their arms in protest.

Some families take pride and joy in an antique vase and others in Grandmother's oil painting of a flower garden, but we get a great kick out of our cherries even though whenever we hear an explosion we wonder, "Could that be the cherries?"

H. TAYLOR, AXC.

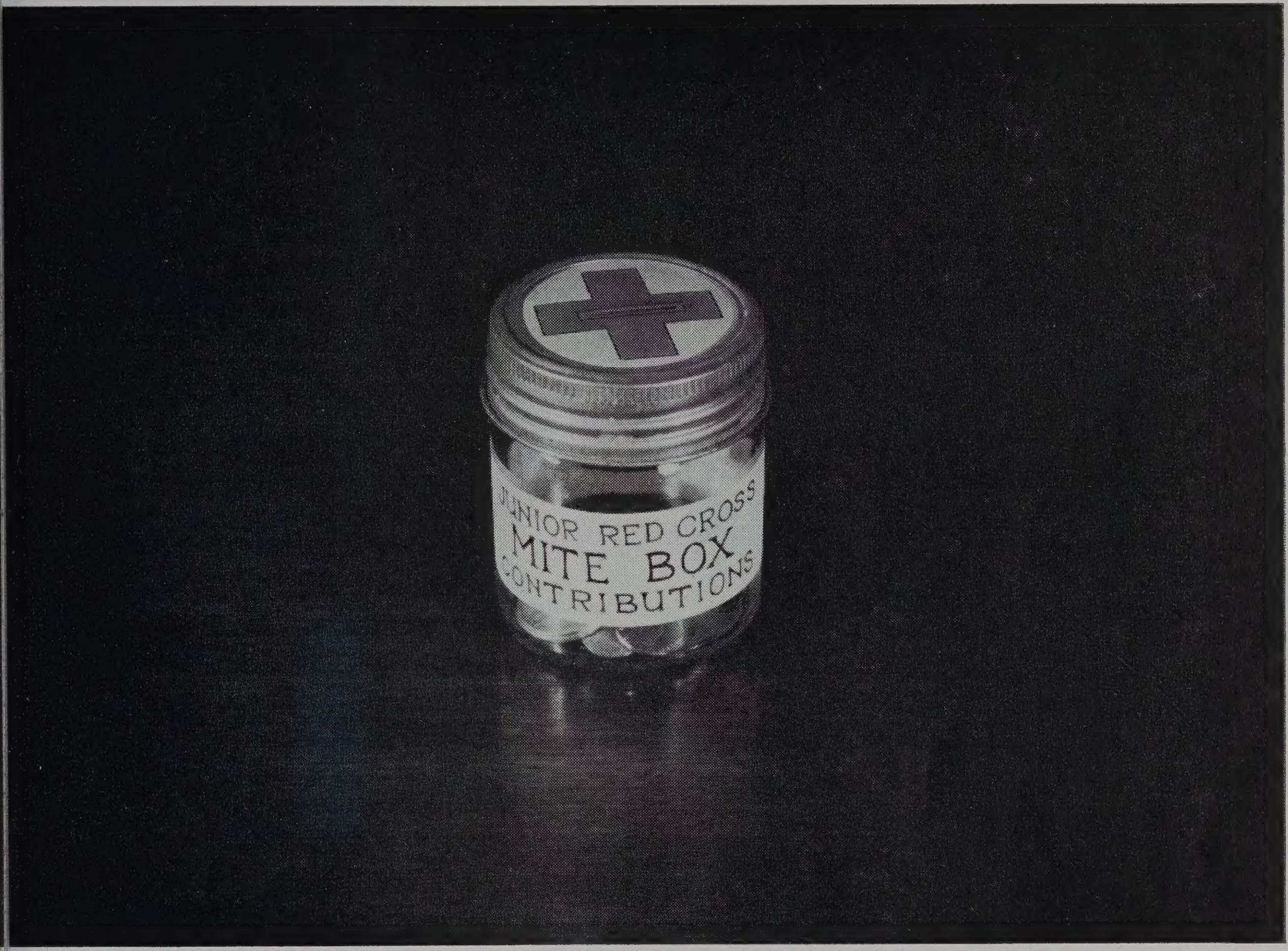
Dull Morning

ANNIE G. DICK, T9A

In the early hours of morning
When the sun peeks o'er the hill
When alarm clocks break the silence,
Gathered thru' the nightly chill,
From the kitchen I hear voices
Yet I roll around once more,
Soon I know Mom will be calling
Just as I have heard before
Once again I've started sleeping,
Though it won't last very long
For already I can hear her
Starting that unwelcome song.

* * *

Then a bite or two for breakfast
And a quick brush thru' my hair
A hasty look for homework books
That are scattered everywhere.
Then I think that I am ready
And I open up the door
Rush out into any weather
And arrive at school once more.


JUNIOR RED CROSS
MITE BOX
CONTRIBUTIONS

WE SERVE

Junior Red Cross

The Red Cross Society was organized in 1864 with the ultimate purpose of aiding the sick and wounded on the battlefields and in military hospitals in wartime. Now, that we are in the throes of another national crisis, the Society is displaying those humanitarian characteristics that have made it truly great. It is to this great international Society that the Junior Red Cross belongs. This branch of the sister society is composed of students of the primary and secondary schools.

This Fall, under the capable sponsorship of Miss Mary Douglas, a Junior Red Cross Society was organized on a large scale in our own school. Schemes for earning money were put into practice immediately. Thirty-four individual Canadian Branches were formed in the school. Each has its own chairman and secretary-treasurer. The money raised by these individual groups, both by projects and mite boxes, will be pooled to reach the school's minimum objective of $1000.00 for the year. The response the students have given has been excellent. At the end of February the $1000.00 objective had been passed.

The first project of the school year was the book exchange. Mr. Devitt was the teacher sponsor of this activity. The exchange provided for the buying and selling of used text books. A ten per cent. commission, for the handling of the books, was given to the Red Cross. The students who managed it were headed by Marion Hollinger, who was untiring in her efforts to make it a success. Her capable assistants were: Margaret Dickson, Edith Merner, Elizabeth McGanity, Elaine Schmidt, Lorraine Lackie, Jean Mackenzie, Dave Woeller, and Ken. Howard.

Although the students as a whole are responsible for earning and contributing the money, it is to those girls who so willingly give of their time after school hours, that a good deal of our praise must go. You may often have wondered why Room 214 is always such a hive of activity after four o'clock on Wednesdays. It is then that the girls must count the money collected during the week from mite boxes and projects. After the money has been checked and double-checked, it is the duty of the girls to roll the hundreds of coins, most of which are pennies. This work is undertaken by the Red Cross executive and a group of assistants. The executive comprises: Marjorie Boehmer, president; Ruth Weber, secretary; Jean Kaufman, treasurer; and Katherine Schweitzer, circulation manager. The executive's regular assistants are: Margaret Dickson, Kay Shiry, Marion Gofton, Edith Merner, Grace Meisel and Jean Mackenzie. In addition to the financial support given the Red Cross, the students of the Vocational School are assisting in a practical way. The girls of the Household Economics Classes, under the direction of Miss Laurine Augustine, have made toys and aprons for sale and are working at baby layettes and servicemen's knitted wear. The Technical boys, supervised by Mr. Fred Pugh, are making splints for the wounded, cribbage boards and hand-looms for prisoners of war.

Under Miss Blair's personal supervision, A X D is also knitting and sewing children's sweaters and bonnets. We expect that other experienced knitters in the school will make articles under the supervision of Mrs. Holmes and assisting women teachers.

The Hi "Y" groups under the general direction of Miss Helen Hirons are greatly assisting the Junior Red Cross in the Collegiate. They are knitting and sewing articles to be used for war purposes from materials they themselves provide.

One would never have thought at the beginning of the School year that it would be possible for high school students to devise so many ingenious plans for making money.

The following is an outline of what the various K.C.I. forms have accomplished. And what's more, all the projects aren't finished yet:

A XIII A: Representatives: Evelyn Power and Paul Uffelman. Project: Hopeful, but they refuse to make it public yet.

A XIII B: Representatives: Jean Kaufman and Arthur Brown. Project: Hockey game between K.C.I. and St. Jerome's. Bathing suits, diving helmets, and golf clubs were in order, but K.C.I., after a delay, managed to win a "choppy" victory, and netted $57.55 from the sale of tickets, donated by Harmony Lunch.

A XIII C: Representatives: Marion Hollinger and Harold Good. Project: Basketball and volleyball games against the Staff. No comment necessary except Mr. Unwin's words to Junior Assembly: "We want to see you at the game, the Staff needs your support." With the teachers as a drawing card, they took in over $30.00. (Incidentally, the teachers won both games).

A XII A: Representatives: Barbara Eckersley and Ruth Creagar. The students had a happy and hilarious time in the school kitchen popping corn. Of course, the $16.00 profit raised by the sale of said corn was greatly appreciated by the Red Cross. Orchids to this form for their very ambitious project in conjunction with A XI A in presenting the Musicale, starring Miss Ada Eby at the organ, Miss Louise Germann at the piano, and Miss Jean Germann, soprano. This promises to be one of the highlights of the school year. Good luck to them.

A XII B: Representatives: Elizabeth Badke and Irving Master. Project: As yet, A XII B has not put any project into action, but several are in the embryo stage. They're hoping to get up a boys basketball team to compete with the C.W.A.C. girls, to conduct a quiz and maybe bring down the Happy Gang. We're looking forward to all these things which are calculated to separate the students and their money, earned by the sweat of their brow. Here's hoping it happens soon. Incidentally, at least 10c a period is collected from those offensive students who "chaw" cheerily at their gum, slump in their seats when they answer a question, and so and so forth.

A XII C: Representatives: Janet Cochrane and Isadore Migdal. Project: On the night of the Snow Ball, half a dozen faithful students donned their best "The Customer is Always Right" faces, stepped behind the counter of a booth decorated in igloo fashion, where chocolate and ice cream bars, gum and chocolate milk were on sale. Naturally "on sale" is to be taken literally, since prices were jacked up slightly (legitimately, of course). The oasis swarmed with activity. During the course of the evening, they raked in a profit of

$25.00 to donate to the Red Cross. Business was booming.

A XII D: Representatives: Bob Allgier, Marjorie Hill. Project: Girls of the form fried gorgeous, golden brown doughnuts, and the boys exercised their sex appeal and sold them. They really were good and sold like "hot-cakes". (Wow!) To date they've turned in about $10.00, but hope to increase this by the end of the term. Excelsior!

A XI A: Representatives: Shirley Mortimer and Marilyn Jones. A XI A and A XII A will sponsor a musicale featuring the Misses Louise and Jean Germann and our own Miss Ada Eby in a program of light classical music. Our thanks go to Heintzman's for the Willis concert grand piano, to Schnarr's Florists for the palm trees which will decorate the Hall, to the Hart Battery and Ignition Co. for the printing of the tickets, to Dowlers Limited and Twin City Laundry for advertising to the Poster Club, and Goudies Department Store for the programmes. We hope to do a booming business.

A XI B: Representatives: Jane McGanity and Glen Strome. The girls of A XI B faithfully served chocolate milk and candy bars to the starved inmates of K.C.I. who were forced (due to circumstances beyond their control, no doubt) to remain at school during the noon hour. They served their term from the beginning of December until the Christmas holidays. Due to their efforts $15.00 was donated to this very worthy cause.

A XI C: Representatives: Peggy Nairn and Jack Gould. When the system of fines to collect money for the Red Cross was first introduced in our form, we decided that the teacher as well as the pupils should have an opportunity to contribute. Mr. MacMillan agreed that if no one in the form had to pay a fine for a week, he would contribute a cent for every student in the form. We slipped it over on our thrifty Scotch teacher once, but ever since he has been especially observant and has caught at least one student a week.

A XI D: Representatives: Mary Reimer and Douglas Levy. Our class, right from the start, set a minimum contribution of 1 cent per student per week for the Red Cross Mite Box. However, not content with this, we put on the picture, The Lion Has Wings, on Feb. 10, the entire proceeds of $17.55 going to the Red Cross. Our form wishes to thank Mr. Bailey for his cooperation in the work, and also to congratulate Miss Douglas for her splendid job as director of Red Cross.

A X A: Representatives: Rose Ganci and Charlene Clemens. Project: A bazaar of felt novelties and fancy knitting bags made by the form brought in $23.10.

A X B: Representatives: Jean Lackie and Mary Neu. Project: Theatre ticket raffle. A monthly pass for two was donated by Mr. Schedewitz to the Lyric, Capitol and Waterloo for March. Mr. Schedewitz will also donate a theatre pass to the student who sells the most tickets and Mr. A. E. Lackie has donated the tickets. We hope to net $60.00.

A X C: Representatives: Ann Uffelman and Homer Pequegnat. Project: The class has decided to sponsor a St. Patrick's tea.

A X D: Representatives: Corrine Eissefeldt and Roy Weaver. Project: The first project was selling of autographed rugby programs. (The girls bought these!) The second was a sugar raffle. Mel Weber donated the tickets. Peter Ballak has already sold 75 himself.

Congratulations, Pete! He has certainly helped the form to make their $40.

A X E: Representatives: Robert Kadwell, Terry Goldring and Jack Hahn. Project: $110.00 was the amazing sum collected by A X E by means of a raffle of War Savings Certificates. According to Miss Douglas, this is the largest amount of money contributed to the Junior Red Cross by any K.C.I. branch of the organization. The tickets were obtained through the courtesy of the Greb Shoe Co. and the first prize was donated by Valentine and Martin Limited. Mrs. George A. Huck and Mrs. W. A. Page, winners of $5.00 certificates, returned them as special donations to our school's Junior Red Cross.

C XII: Representatives: Yvonne Sommers and Helen Kesselring. Project: A play, a gay comedy, "Five Birds in a Cage", directed by Mr. C. R. Philp, with sounds and lighting by the boys of T XI B. The "Five Birds" were Dorothy Rushton, Jeanne Kreutzweiser, Lorraine Lackie, Helen Kesselring and Marie Brown. Congratulations to all concerned in netting $86.00. The girls of this form, in connection with their job of supervising the typewriting rooms after four o'clock, collect a cent from every student who uses a typewriter after school hours, and this has resulted in a considerable sum of money.

S C I: Representatives: Dorothy Wellein and Katharine Gammon. Project: This class of 20 has made its Mite Box its project. To date, they have the highest mite box collection of any form, $23.61. Nice going!

C XI A: Representatives: Doreen Mansz and Doris Devitt. Project: Sale of candy apples and popcorn The stuff was sold in a flash!!!

C XI B: Representatives: Betty Schefter and Lorne Schmidt. Project: We have a very interesting one brewing, just waiting our chance to put it into operation. In the meantime, we support our mite box effort by voluntary weekly collections.

C X A: Representatives: Marjorie Behling, Bernice Brown and Stella Buttee. Project: A skating show in March. The class has biweekly Red Cross meetings with various forms of entertainment.

C X B: Representatives: Margaret Neff and Dorothy Holland, Betty Cook and Valine Plews. Project: Cookie sale. The cookies went so fast that Miss Coumans didn't have to buy any.

C X C: Representatives: Dorothy Weber and Harry Brown. Project: Shoe shining before Tea Dances. Theme Song:

"Lay them feet down here, gang,
Lay them feet down here;
A measly dime will make them shine,
So lay them feet down here."

T XI A: Representatives: Bill Taylor and Eleanor Uffelman. Project: A popcorn and potato chip sale. The boys in aprons, in the Home Economics room, were lovely to behold. Music was supplied for the cooking by Ralph Sutton and Nick Ozaruk.

T XI B: Representatives: Alfred Howe and Victor Boldt. Project: The boys contributed their technical knowledge to the staging of C XII's play which brought in $86.00. They also give a goodly sum to the Mite Box.

T X A: Representatives: Jean Wildfong and Judy Siebert. Project: From the raffling of a box of chocolates, selling of several baby garments, and the sewing of numbers on gym suits, $25.00 was raised by this form.

T X B: Representatives: Donald Kraft and Wilfred Schwichtenberg.

Project: After toying with the idea of selling popcorn, the form finally decided to sponsor a motion picture in the Assembly Hall. The "Battle of Britain", a film captured from the Germans, was shown during the noon hour by R.C.A.F. officer, Sgt. Gilroy. There was a "swell" turnout and the class realized the sum of $28.40.

T X C: Representatives: Clyde Pope and Harvey Schedewitz. Project: T X C is planning to sponsor a raffle or a movie this Spring. They hope that their project will be as successful as those of the other forms.

T X D: Representatives: Ken. Schmidt and Ken. McKersie. Project: This form ran a very successful popcorn sale on February 14. Mr. Brown personally supervised his enthusiastic boys, their hands scrubbed for the occasion.

T IX A: Representatives: Eva Kraft, Geraldine Gule, Louella Spee and Edith Holub. Project: Approximately $40.00 has been given to the Red Cross by this form. The money was raised by mite box contributions, the raffling of two scarfs, and the sale of a quilt top, a crochet centre-piece, aprons and stuffed animals. Twenty stuffed toy animals were sent directly to English Nurseries.

T IX B: Representatives: Dick Woelfle and Margaret Buchart. Project: Fines for every misbehaviour dear to the heart of every typical student. Easy money!

T IX C: Representatives: Tom Barron and Billy Goetz. Project: Selling tickets at a nickel a chance, we made $28.35 from the raffle of an angel cake. Miss Nairn, the music teacher, was the lucky winner. We are planning another project and hope to have just as big a success.

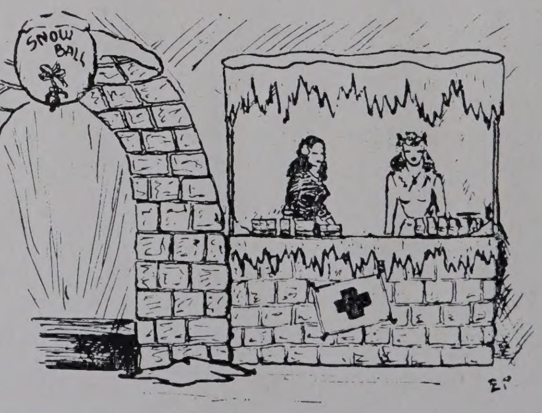
T IX D: Representatives: Ken. Hall and Jack Harvey. This form has been talking about making a donation to the Junior Red Cross instead of presenting some larger project.

T IX E: Representatives: A. Schwantz and W. Windsor. Project: None as yet, but we're hopeful. We're thinking hard.

All money thus raised, which will be well over $1,200.00, will be sent to the National Junior Red Cross Fund. This money will help send food to children in occupied countries, maintain War Nurseries in Britain, and send special gifts to men in Prisoner of War Camps.

The Junior Red Cross is most grateful for special donations from Mr. Merritt, the Vocational and Collegiate Inspectors. To Miss Ada Eby and the Misses Louise and Jean Germann, who have given so freely and graciously of their talents and time, it extends sincerest thanks.

The students of K.C.I. may certainly be very proud of the fine achievements of their Junior Red Cross, due not only to the enthusiastic work of an energetic executive, but to their own fine spirit of co-operation and interest.



Overseas Parcel Committee

For four school years the Overseas Parcel Committee under the efficient direction of Mr. F. W. R. Dickson has been sending parcels to ex-students overseas, or at sea, who have attended this school since September, 1939. These parcels contain chocolates and wrapped toffee.

Replies of acknowledgment of the parcels have been received from the girls and boys in the services in Iceland, Great Britain, Africa, India, Iraq and Persia, revealing that they still appreciate Canadian chocolate. Here are excerpts from letters received from the boys:

F.O. Maurice Smith, former Collegiate teacher: "It really isn't your fault that the first box of chocolate bars you sent me were eaten so quickly that there were unhappy results."

F.O. Wally Jardine, Lancaster pilot mentioned in a Canadian Press dispatch as taking part in the Feb. 15th raid over Berlin: "This business is somewhat different from the good old days at K.C.I. Strangely enough, there are many points about this life that are quite similar to school days. First your health must be top line—fighting fit—as they say. It's a good idea to be mentally alert also. Then there is the discipline aspect, and as a captain of aircraft I know about that.

"Speaking of the crew, there is the same spirit of team co-operation as we had on the football teams.

"We have done thirteen operational sorties—some of which were rather rough going to say the least. Please give my regards to all the teachers and students at K.C.I. and express my thanks for the chocolate bars. Hope we can keep our plane airborne until this scrap is over and we can get back to see you again."

L.A.C. Doug. Yanke, R.C.A.F. Band, England: "Your gift box arriving on my birthday was an extra special treat."

Richard Fulford, R.C.A.F., Ceylon: "It is great to be remembered by the old school."

Lieut. W. F. Buddell, Italy: "Your gift reached me on Christmas Eve, despite the fact that it had a long way to travel after reaching England."

Tommy Baker, R.C.A.C.: "I was very pleased that you remembered me and I hope I may be able to drop in one of these years to visit you. How's my optimism?"

With growing numbers overseas, it may be necessary to restrict in some way the number of boxes sent. Two lots of a thousand cigarettes each have been sent to all prisoners-of-war irrespective of the lapse of time since they last attended school. Gifts of cigarettes will continue to be sent to the boys.

The committee always welcomes addresses and information regarding girls and boys who have recently gone overseas. This is the only way we have of knowing to whom to send parcels. The Committee:

Convenor:

Margaret Dickson	A XIII B
Marion Hollinger	A XIII C
Shirley Elrick	A XI A
Lloyd Hauser	T XI A
Eva Messmer	C XI A
Charles Greb	A X E
John Slauenwhite	C X B
Claire Gingerich	T X C

War Savings Report

To the Editor:

Mr. Downes is sponsoring the War Savings this year as he has done in the past. The central committee consists of the following: Ruth Ferdinand of C12 who keeps the records and writes the weekly War Savings Grumblings for the newspaper; Ruth Hoffmeyer of C12 who checks the money as it comes in Tuesday night; Dorothy Ferdinand of C11A who puts the money in piles and rolls it up in money wrappers; Barbara Smithers and Anne Schaus of A11C who count the stamps and give them out. We have set an objective this year of $126 a week or $3500 for the year. If we reach our objective, and I think we will, we will have accomplished a fairly good amount. The total on January 1, 1944, was $1794.12.

A10E, A10B, and A10D have reached their year's objective. A13B and T10B look as if they soon will be up to their year's objective. The grade ten classes have been giving each other a lot of competition. The highest amount, $30.80, was brought in by A10E. Our highest collection was during the week of November 23, when $174.79 was brought in.

I want to take this opportunity to thank all the teachers and form representatives for their part in this War Savings Stamp Campaign. I also want to thank all the students who invested their weekly savings which make this campaign possible.

Yours sincerely,
Central War Savings Committee,
Ruth Ferdinand, C XII
Record Keeper

Defense Training

Defence Training is a compulsory part of a school course. Oh, how glibly these words roll off the tongue! But do you know what is behind Defence Training? Do you know how many nerve-racking hours Mr. F. W. R. Dickson spends, drafting and re-drafting schedules for this course, so that when it is put into practice, it is carried out with nary a hitch?

That is, *almost* nary a hitch! There are times, of course, when an eager class, over-anxious to begin its new First-Aid studies, finds itself confronted with the Internal Combustion Engine. Wrong room! There are times, too, when a teacher, say in Healthful Living, is positively dumbfounded, as a student, asking heart-to-heart advice, innocently inquires whether she is compelled to hold a boy's hand in a show, if she doesn't like to because her hand gets too hot? Ah, what joy and ecstasy, when a student learns that he can "get out of" his Zoology exam. because of the Defence Training period. But pity the poor teacher, not too familiar with his new class or subject, when he realizes that a Defence Training period is looming on the horizon?

However, we all appreciate the true significance of Defence Training. The subjects taught are beneficial in time of peace as well as in time of war.

Edith Merner, A XIII A

Salvage

After a request from both the Kitchener and Waterloo Salvage Committees in 1941 the Students' Council decided that collections of salvage should be held in our school. Since then collections have been held monthly and valuable materials such as paper, rubber, and grease have been collected.

Since September, 1941, a total of thirty-three tons of salvage has been collected. In four collections held since September, 1943, we have collected a total of five tons. To date this year T X A holds the highest record of any form in the school. One hundred per cent. of the students contributed four times, with C XII and T IX A (1) close behind with three one hundred per cent. contributions.

The salvage committee for the past year consisted of the following members:

Teacher Sponsor:
  Mr. B. Thompson
Chairman:
  Jonas Bingeman, A XIII B
Committee Members:
  Gerald Bader, A XII D
  Bernice Heimpel, C XII
  Marion Mueller, T X A
  Benny Martin, T IX D

Each form elected a sponsor for their room and the sponsors met before every collection.

Both Kitchener and Waterloo now have a house-to-house collection system. The Students' Council accepted the recommendation of the salvage committee that salvage collection be discontinued because of the house-to-house collections.

The sponsors of forms and students who contributed are to be commended for their patriotism and co-operation in this essential war effort. JONAS BINGEMAN, A XIII B

War Emergency Classes

The war is well into its fifth year. For nearly four years our school has conducted special war emergency classes. This is being done, in common with other schools, as part of our contribution to the war effort.

Classes have been conducted in Drafting, Motor Mechanics, Machine Shop Practice, Aircraft Woodwork, Clerks for the Women's Division (Canadian Women's Army Corps) and typists and stenographers for the Civil Service at Ottawa. There have also been part-time classes in Machine Shop Practice, Welding and Shop Mathematics.

From these classes have graduated a total, up to the present time, of nearly fourteen hundred students.

While the war emergency classes were started primarily to assist in supplying Industry with much needed skilled and semi-skilled help, it has also supplied the three armed services with mechanical personnel.

The length of courses vary in terms from three to six months, depending on the nature of the course, the demands of industry and the aptitude of the trainee. So great was the demand upon our school, for this kind of assistance, that for nearly three years classes were conducted twenty-four hours a day, working in shifts of eight hours each.

At present the school is exhibiting a lively activity in part-time classes. These classes are conducted in the evening and are for the purpose of upgrading workers in full-time employment.

The history of K.C.I. is one of service. In 1939 our country found itself facing a national crisis. Our school, true to its tradition, threw its full weight into the task of supplying trained help for the war effort.

—Bill Pugh, T II A

Practice Office

Do you know where room 311 is? No, I didn't think so. Naturally you could find it if you looked for it, but did you know that 311 wasn't a regular classroom but an office? That's exactly what it is. Room 311 is called the Practice Office, where graduating commercial students gain experience in regular office duties and office machines.

The Practice Office is run strictly by Student Government. Students are in charge, and students do the work. The manager is in complete command, with two assistants, a junior and senior clerk. These are selected from CXII and remain in office for about two weeks at a time. You've been wondering about a teacher? Well, there just isn't any. But chewing gum and constant chatter still aren't good business habits.

What work do the girls in the Practice Office accomplish for our benefit? That's a reasonable question, and here is the answer. Their nimble fingers type out most of the notices that come to you through your registers informing you of a Students' Council meeting, club meeting, basketball game, Tea Dance, Salvage collection dates, and many more. However, they are not responsible for all your notices, especially the ones that request your presence at the office immediately!

I'm sure you have wondered about your printed exam papers. What good fortune to be a friend of the typist of those papers! Here's a tip. A great number of your exams are run off on duplicating machines in the Practice Office. But then, I might as well warn you, that any efforts to obtain information will be turned down flat, because the Practice Office staff are trustworthy and betray no secrets.

Week after week you have enjoyed Assembly Sing Songs, week after week you have read Collegiate Grumblings, but students, have you ever stopped to wonder who does this work? Who types out these songs, and who types the Collegiate Grumblings for the paper? Need I say more. Perhaps now you are beginning to realize that the girls in the Practice Office are working for the benefit of every student.

The girls enjoy working in the Practice Office, and why shouldn't they, when they miss regular classes and have no homework whatsoever. Such excitement when a letter has to be taken down in shorthand from a teacher. The manager turns pale and looks at the senior clerk; the senior clerk turns pale and looks at the junior clerk; the junior clerk turns red, white, and blue, and proceeds to take dictation.

Poor junior clerk; all the messy little jobs like dusting machines, cleaning stencils, or washing the ditto roller, seem to be shoved on to her, but then her work has a bright side too, for she is the girl who seems to have the privilege of running around the school at all hours of the day. What is she doing? Delivering messages, asking questions, or taking back completed work. As you may have noticed, her missions are carried out promptly, and in a very business like manner. How well she likes to grin in at students labouring over their studies, while she runs after Mr. Bettke to open a very stubborn ink bottle.

The Practice Office is equipped with the same type of machines as you would find in a real office. Besides typewriters, they have duplicating machines, the Ditto and Gestetner, a Dictaphone, and twelve of those handy little machines with brains commonly called Adding Machines.

Teachers have commented on how wonderfully well both the students and tht Practice Office staff work on their own. This may sound remarkable to you—students working when the teacher is out of the room, but nevertheless the amount of work that is put out in one day proves their ability. The duties of each member of the Practice Office staff are listed in a Manuel of Instructions found on the manager's desk. No one sits around idle. If there is no definite work to be done, you will find the girls straightening out drawers, changing the bulletin board, and generally keeping their office neat and tidy.

Are the students in the Practice Office paid for working? Definitely, but not the way you think! Instead, when they leave, they receive a cheque with EXPERIENCE written across the face of it, and what higher price could they be paid. For the experience they obtain in the Practice Office, right here at K.C.I. will later help them to earn a higher pay cheque once they have obtained a position. The initiative, dependability, co-operation, and personality that are developed, are valuable and essential to their success in business.

At this very minute, the Practice Office staff are going about their duties, proud to be serving and benefiting you, the students!

To Miss Helen Tangney, Comm. Spec., is due the original organization and the success of the Practice Office.

Evelyn Beck
Winner of Senior Girls, Public Speaking, 1943.

Miss Ada Eby

We Salute . . .

MRS. P. J. McGARRY, member of our School Board for seven years, who was awarded the O.B.E. for her meritorious service as Dominion President of the Catholic Women's League of Canada.

MISS DOUGLAS, sponsor of the Junior Red Cross this year. We have successfully reached our $1,000.00 objective and expect to go over the top. A great deal of credit is due to Miss Douglas' splendid organization and enthusiasm.

MISS BETTY SPOHN, former member of our faculty, who is now a Section Officer of the Women's Division of the R.C.A.F.

"Old Faithful" MR. W. J. UNWIN, who in spite of priorities, gas rationing, and stuff, continues to keep K.C.I.'s carload of student activities rolling along without a hitch.

MISS BLAIR AND THE POSTER CLUB, whose masterpieces of paint and printing keep K. C. I. brushed up on what's cooking, when, where, and why.

MISS EBY, that bright spot around school whose tickling fingers at the "Grand" will ever delight the music loving kiddies of K.C.I.

That cute little fellow, MR. VAN DE WATER, who for the past two years has recorded "the minutes" spent at K.C.I. Van's in the swim and de Water's fine.

MR. M. F. DICKSON, who permitted the Grumbler the use of his excellent photograph of the Collegiate. It's a picture tribute to our Alma Mater and we thank you.

BOB BOWMAN, that "watch the birdie" boy, whose camera keeps its eye focused on K.C.I. We "shutter" to think of what this magazine would do without him.

MR. BETTKE, that man with a smile for everyone, a "key" character around our halls who has unlocked the answer to many a student's problems.

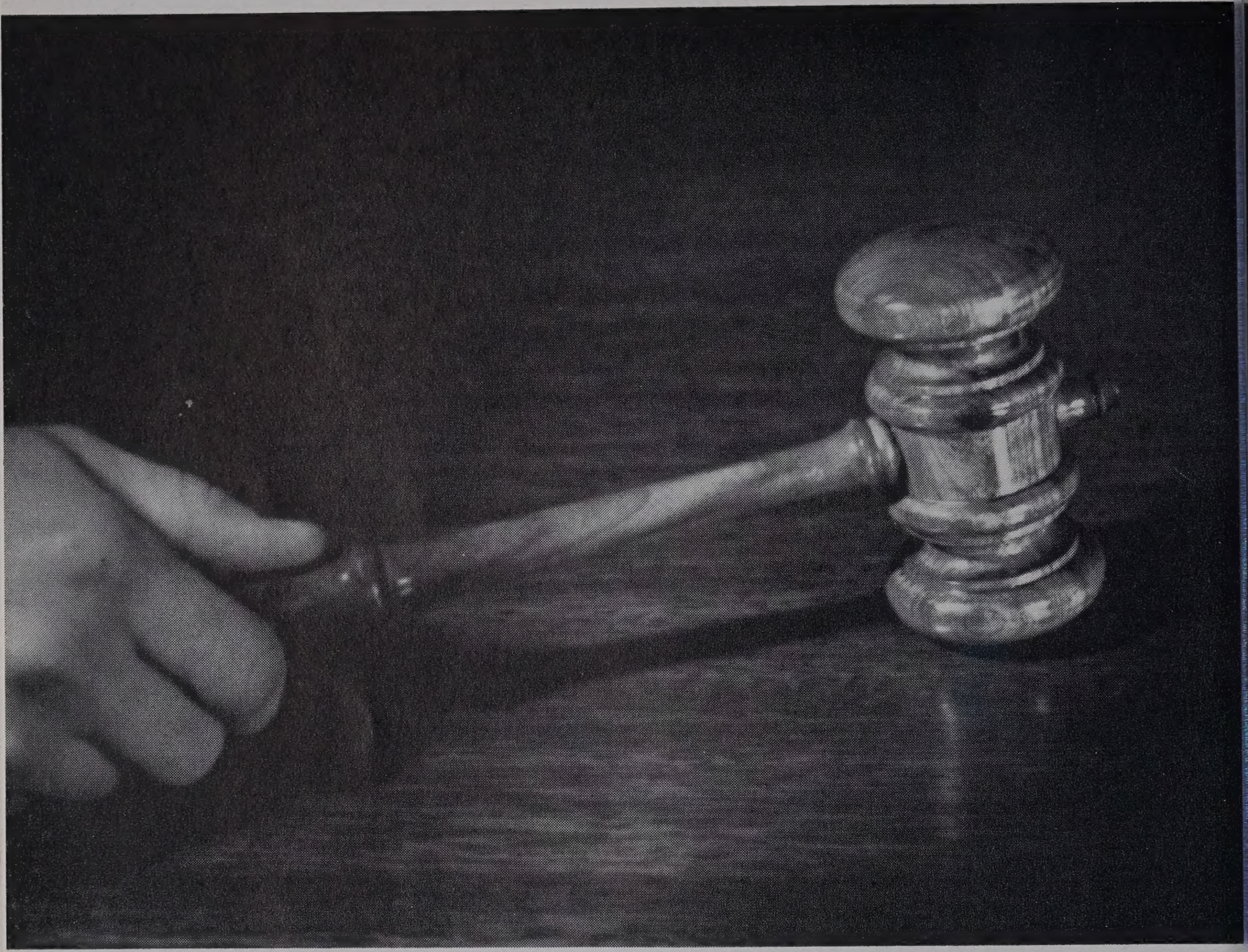
MR. PUGH and MR. PHILP, who do such an excellent job of looking after the War Emergency Classes.

MR. O'CONNELL, whose capable direction of K.C.I.'s Major Plays makes them outstanding events in the community.

THE OFFICE STAFF, Miss Wright, Miss Malleck, Miss Stone, who are never too busy to look after our many and trivial problems.

MRS. HOLMES, who teaches extra Greek classes to those in pursuit of Higher Education.

THE ORCHESTRA and GLEE CLUB for their Spring Music Festival, one of the finest programs ever put on by this school.



ORGANIZATIONS

STUDENTS' COUNCIL PRESIDENTS

Jack George, President for First Term;
Dorothy Rushton, President for Second Term; Marion Hollinger, Vice-President.

Students' Council

The Students' Council is this year, as previously, a great success. Starting out with riotous campaigns, it has never lacked the spirit and enthusiasm that should be found in an organization such as this.

During the first term Jack George acted as shepherd of the flock, supported by the wild antics of J. Reszetnik. He guided us safely through rugby season, a major play, and altogether a very successful term. Close runner-up was Dot Rushton, ably supported by Jack Walter.

There was a tense moment during the campaign of the second term in which Dot Rushton and Marion Hollinger were competing for honours. While Frank Sinatra Roberts was crooning out the praises of Dot Rushton, he suddenly slumped forward, and clutched frantically at the microphone. For a moment there was a dead silence —all female hearts stopped beating. However, our hero was revived with a pork chop, and all was well.

Chick Yanke and Mr. Unwin run the meetings very well, thank you. When they start, the other members sit back and relax. When one of them pauses for breath, the president—if lucky, may interject a "But . . . . ," and gets no farther.

Seriously though, both Jack George and Dot Rushton have done a grand job. We congratulate them. The spirited campaigns, the friendly interest shown in the meetings, and the splendid co-operation shown by every member, have all contributed to make the Students' Council of '43-44 most successful.

MIRIAM SHANTZ, A 13 A

The Orchestra

Have you ever stopped to realize what our school would be like without the school orchestra? You must agree that there would definitely be something incomplete about our Assemblies if we did not have the opening and closing marches and the musical selections.

Every Thursday morning at eight o'clock, you will find most of the sixty-five members of the orchestra ready for rehearsal with Mr. Berg. Of course there are always a few who cannot resist the temptation of staying an extra hour in their cozy beds. The orchestra rehearses for one hour and then remains in the Assembly Hall for the weekly Junior Assembly. It is not unusual for Mr. Merritt unexpectedly to ask the orchestra to play a new selection for the Assembly.

On March 22nd and 23rd, the orchestra and Glee Club presented the Spring Musicale. This programme was composed of classical and semi-classical numbers, and was the first all-musical programme presented in this school for over five years.

The orchestra library is growing considerably. During the Christmas vacation, Geoffery Shaw, the librarian, put in many extra hours arranging the music in the re-made cupboard which has been especially constructed for the orchestra's music. Under the new system of arranging the music, we can now boast of one of the finest libraries for school orchestras in Ontario.

The orchestra is under the leadership of Mr. Paul Berg and is sponsored by Mr. Class.

The officers of the orchestra are as follows: Kenneth Kutschke, president; Harry Janke, vice-president; Geoffery Shaw, librarian; Fred Janke, student business manager; Marion Gofton and Audrey Helm, wardrobe mistresses.

FRED JANKE, A 12 C

Orchestra and Glee Club

The Camera Club

All students have some hobby in which they are interested. To those who desire to take, develop and print better pictures, the Camera Club affords great opportunities. Meetings of the Club are held once or twice monthly and at these get-togethers instructive demonstrations are given, either by some member of the club or by an outsider interested in a particular branch of photography. A new feature quite recently introduced into our club is the skilful art of applying colours to prints which we have made, and surprisingly enough, we have many members extremely clever at it. Some find that they prefer to use water colours rather than oil because with these a person can colour any type of image. Oils, on the other hand, allow a beginner to make a slip here and there as the colouring may easily be removed with turpentine.

The president, Bob Bowman, an expert photographer, understands practically every angle of this interesting hobby. He is in his third year as president, and he has done most of the work for the Grumbler. Those who had their pictures taken at the Christmas Dance have Bob to thank for the good results.

Mr. Montgomery is the sponsor of the club, and without his help and experience we would not have any such organization.

K. C. I. Underground Poster Club

What's that huddle in the main hall? The underground at work again? Yes, you can bet your last gas coupon that only the work of the underground could gather a mob like that in the main hall!

What is the underground? Oh, come now, you should know better than to ask a foolish question like that. Why, it's the Poster Club. Perhaps you didn't know it, but this club meets only once a year. From then on, all the work is done in complete secrecy. Every week or so, the society breaks forth in some momentous movement. Then, the halls are full of subversive, or rather, conversive literature.

The poster may portray rowdy rugby players in spiked boots, solid hep-cats with zoot-suits and "Sloppy Joes", tubby Santas with their packs of goodies, or muscular basketball players. It may be of a hero in the major play, a fat Thanksgiving turkey, an Easter bunny, or, for that matter, it may announce any school event.

This band of some thirty odd prospective Leonardo de Vinci's, is under the leadership of Miss Blair. The K.C.I. Poster Club is a great organization. It is full of hard workers with real talent and ability. Sufficient praise for it is hard to find.

Long Live the K. C. I. Underground!

Onalee Walter, A 12 A

The Collegiate Glee Club

The Collegiate Chorus, under the direction of Mr. Paul Berg, boasts a marked improvement this year. The number of participants has greatly increased since last year. At an organization meeting held in October the following were elected to office: President, Harry Janke; Secretary, Ruth Weber; Librarian, Hugh Cowie; Press representative, Margaret Dickson; Business Manager, John Koegler. The Chorus made its first apearance at the Organ Dedication, where it proved its development both in quality and quantity. The customary Christmas Broadcast brought forth many encouraging comments.

The latter half of the year will be devoted to preparation for the Spring Festival. The coming attraction will feature the combined forces of the Chorus and Orchestra, with new and better music, and will be a highlight of the school year.

MARGARET DICKSON, AXIIIB

The Science Club

This activity provides opportunities for embryo scientists to give demonstrations and talks about their favorite topics. The club welcomes all who are interested in any branch of science—geology, bacteriology, astronomy and any other science "ology" regardless of its relation to science courses.

Last year Jack George did an excellent piece of work in organizing and conducting the meetings. Jean Zapfe recorded the minutes. The members have appreciated the efforts of those outside speakers who have covered the varied topics of finger-printing, gold mining and rubber chemistry. This year Ewart Hayes is president and Louis Smith is secretary. Assisted by the committee, Jack George, Bill Shantz, Marion Mueller and Bob Bowman, the officers promise some new topics and activities. The meetings this year have been anything but dull. We have had numerous talks and demonstrations in all phases of Science, some of which were: Optical Illusions, Bob Bowman; Density, Murray Hattin; Bombs, Harry Klein; Army Shoes, Charles Greb; Lense Paper, Marion Mueller; Infra Red Rays, Jack Walter; American Coins, I. Migdal.

At one of our meetings the moving picture entitled "Oils from the Earth" was shown by C. B. Price. Numerous trips to various factories in the Twin Cities have been planned.

Recently fifty-six members made a tour of the J. M. Schneider Meat Packing Plant. Members of the firm explained the working of the refrigeration and laboratory control in the successful operation of the meat packing industry.

The club is sponsored by the science teacher.

ACTIVITIES

Dedication of Memorial Organ

Perhaps one of the most truly artistic performances presented by the students of this school during the first semester, was the dedication of the Memorial Organ. This solemn ceremony took place on the evening of November 5 in our Auditorium. It was the first important event of the year, and consisted of the dedication ceremony and a fine musical programme featuring the new organ, both as a solo instrument and as an able accompanist.

The programme was opened by an address by Mr. T. H. Kay, Chairman of the School Board. In his address he outlined the use of the organ by the school. Mr. R. N. Merritt and Jack George also spoke about the organ and its part in our school life. The major speech of the evening was given by Mr. H. H. Welker, Chairman of the Music Committee. Mr. G. Thompson, President of the local Canadian Legion, responded to the address.

The chorus first sang "Jesu Joy of Man's Desiring". Peggy Nairn, with a background of humming, effectively rendered several inspirational Memorial Readings. Mr. Paul Berg directed an orchestral rendition of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. Several solos provided a light interlude. Notable among these were a vocal solo by Roy Roberts, a violin solo by Julian Reszetnik, organ and piano duet by Jerene Gofton and George Kadwell, and organ solos by Mr. Berg and George Kadwell. A Glee Club rendition of "Now Thank We All Our God" enhanced the solemnity of the occasion. The closing of the dedication with "Last Post", "Reveille" and the National Anthem achieved the desired effect of respectful dedication.

Now again, we the students of this institution wish to express our thanks for the efforts of the Board, the Alumni, and Friends of the school, who made this purchase possible, and to add our sincere hope that the organ will "Serve as a Tribute and Memorial to the pupils of the school who made the Supreme Sacrifice in the two World Wars."

KEN KUTSCHKE, A 13 C

Commencement Exercises 1943

On Friday evening, November 19th, a large audience filled the assembly hall to witness the Commencement Exercises for the 1942-1943 term. The lights were lowered and the school orchestra, under Mr. Berg, played the overture. Mr. C. W. Cressman, chairman for the occasion, opened the proceedings with a few brief remarks. This was followed by the presentation of the awards. Mr. R. S. Hamilton presented the Senior Rugby cup to the captain, Ed. Sehl. University Scholarships were then presented, accompanied by remarks by Principal R. N. Merritt. Those receiving the awards were: Richard Howard, Colleen Maines, Marion Shiell, Douglas Prueter, and Vera Good. The Principal's Prize went to Douglas Prueter. Proficiency prizes donated by the B'nai B'rith Lodge were presented by Dr. A. T. Lefton to Florence Little, Ella Riediger, and Kenneth Cook. Scholarships awarded to Grade XII students were presented to Darlene Duval, Kenneth Kutschke, and Harry Weaver. Senior Public Speaking Awards as follows: Senior Girls—Evelyn Beck first and Onalee Walter second; Junior Girls—Katherine Schweitzer first, Dorothy Redmonds second; and Junior Boys—John Augustine first, Roger Campbell second. Kiwanis Club prizes were awarded to Jean Kaufman, Shirley Noble, and Harold Brubacher by Mr. Leslie B. Hope. Lions Club of Waterloo Technical Proficiency Prize was presented to Eugene Psutka by Mr. George Becker.

Following these awards Mr. Paul Berg played several selections on the Memorial organ.

The main address of the evening was given by the Reverend John V. Mills, who stressed the idea that each person had an individual contribution to make to the world which no one but that person could make.

Then came the presentation of diplomas.

At the close of the presentations Mr. Unwin led the audience in a rousing sing-song. Following the sing-song the Commencement play "Elmer and the Lovebug" was presented, and the evening closed with the selections by the School Orchestra.

«Easy Money»
or «How to Roll and Win»

The trees have not yet begun to think of their autumn robes when from Room 206 came muffled mumblings. Casting for the major play had begun, with many more young hopefuls trying for parts this year than ever before. One by one the characters were chosen.

Then practising got under way. Once the ice was broken, things began to hum. Practices were marked by the frequent phrases, "Where's Jack George", or "Great Scott, is Julian down in the gym again?" By the first of November, the act-schedule had been discarded and a whip was being used.

By mid-November, Mr. O'Connell had lost about five pounds from nervous prostration, but the cast plodded on, in oblivious disregard to lines and acting.

While Mr. O'Connell was growing gray, the cast was being entertained in between cues by small tea parties and musicals. Julian's violin was a happy respite to the gruelling task of acting and it was found that Gabby just loved to sing. The food was supplied by some of the more wealthy members of the cast in the form of doughnuts and tarts from the nearby bakery.

This year we welcomed several newcomers to the acting profession. Shirley Clark had her first chance before the footlights, but came through like a veteran. Geoff. Shaw for his first time, portrayed a butler down to the last buttle. Joan Lederman fitted her roll with admired authentity and Catherine Pflug (her first time too) proved her work. Veterans of the grease paint included Julian Reszetnik, who is always at ease on the stage, and Jack George, an actor of long standing.

"Gabby" Hayes has never refused a job where he can use his larynx, and can be commended on a good job in the play. Peg Nairn, in her second year, had the female lead which she played with an almost professional touch. Jack Walter played opposite her as the husband.

As in all plays, the first performance comes too soon and this play was no exception. The matinee was attended, so it seems, by all the wolves in K.C.I., for nary an embrace went by, but sighs and remarks came from the audience. The Thursday night performance went smoothly, in fact, the best performance was given on that night. Friday night passed almost as the preceding performance: only one night to go. Saturday night came and was just going when in the Third Act last scene—you know where Claire and Sidney get things straightened out only to find the cook's been married—the unexpected happened. Edith "the pretty blonde" was supposed to come in; she didn't. Lines were faked and only those behind scenes were any the wiser. Came time for Happy and Georgia to come in—no Happy and Georgia.

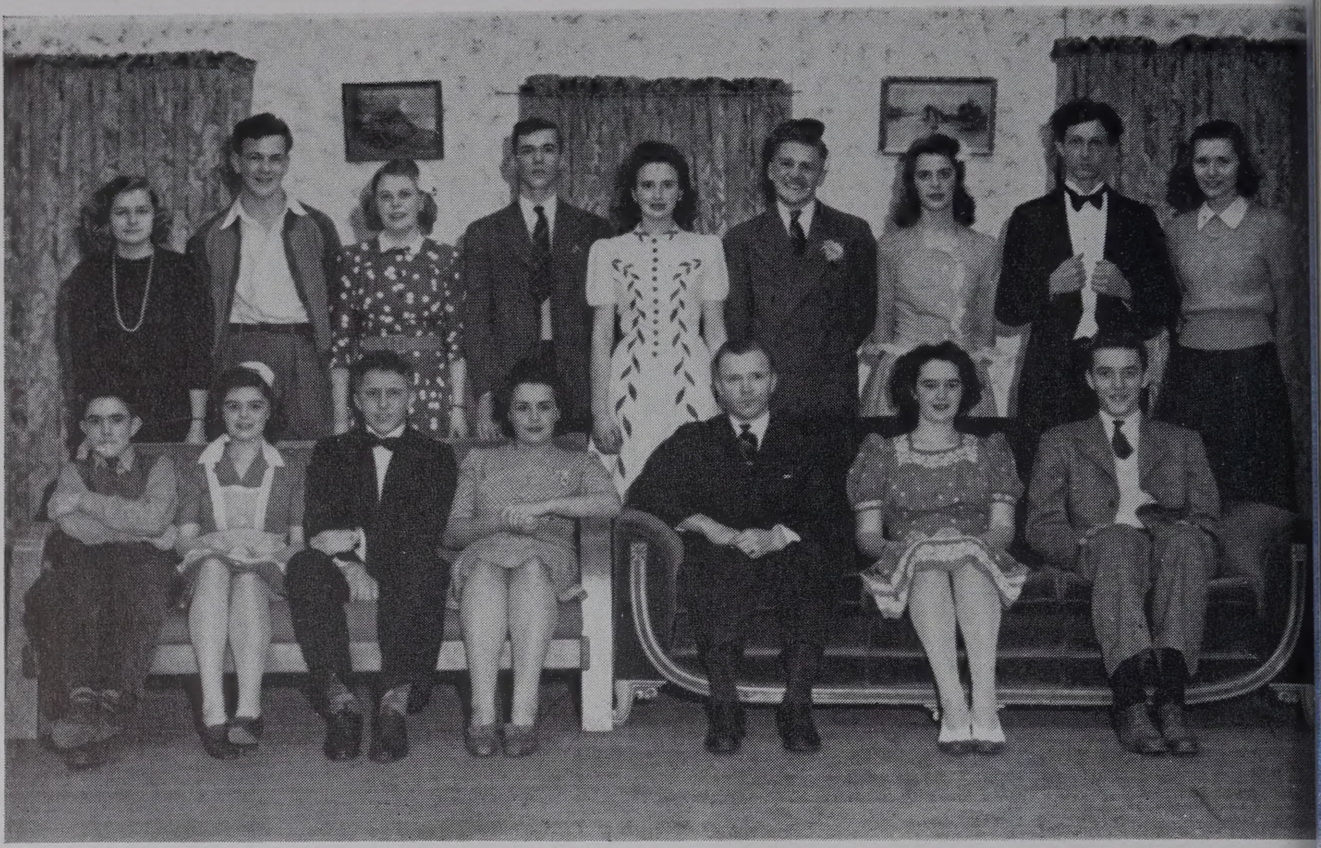
Well, the last curtain came down much to the relief of all concerned. "Boy, am I glad it's over," "over at last" and such expressions were heard.

We would like to express our sincere thanks to stage hands, electricians, the make-up committee, the costume committee and any who may have had a part in making your play what it was. To Mr. O'Connell goes the hope that he will have as much success with his future plays as he had with those in the past. JACK WALTER, A 13 B

Commencement Play

Last Fall's Commencement Play was of the usual comic variety. The play "Elmer and the Lovebug" was under the capable direction of Mr. Bailey.

The casting was excellent and promise of Major Play acting ability was shown by a number of our Junior students. Sigmund Reszetnik played the leading role, that of Elmer, the twins' younger brother. Bob Riepert and Laurie Plum, both commencement play veterans, enacted the roles of Luke Lawson and Janie Collier, providing the love interest. Mary Elinor Wing, as Millicent Carr, angled for Elmer throughout the play. Desta Leavin played the part of Jeanie Collier, Janie's twin. Don Rivers whizzed around on a motorcycle as Hubert Brown. Ruth Corbett as Susan, remained a true friend of Elmer's throughout the play. Jean Bullas was cast as a negro servant, Fannie Bell, and did a swell job. Cecil, Elmer's close friend, played by Don Bowman, spent his scenes following Elmer around and acting as "yes" man.



MAJOR PLAY CAST

Standing, left to right: Doris Klugman, Jack Clark, Katherine Pflug, Ewart Hayes, Marjorie Bryden, Jack George, Joan Lederman, Geoffery Shaw, Onalee Walter.
Sitting: Arthur Headlam, Shirley Clarke, Julian Reszetnik, Jeanne Woolner; Mr. A. J. O'Connell, Director; Peggy Nairn, Jack Walter.

Junior Assembly

As the students march quickly into the Assembly Hall on Thursday morning, they leave their worries and care behind. And why should they worry about that new French verb or that unfinished shorthand, because now they are about to be entertained. As Mr. Merritt comes through the door at the back of the hall, the whole student body rises and stands respectfully at attention, while he and the guest speaker mount the stairs to the stage. When everybody is again quiet, Mr. Merritt clears his throat and begins to read the scripture.

Then the new curtains part and Mr. Unwin makes his appearance. "We will now sing that lovely old hymn . . ." are the first words he speaks and so we rise once more and begin to sing. After all this formality, the program begins. It is now time for the guest speaker, or if there is not a guest speaker, we are confident that Mr. Unwin will have something interesting planned for us.

There was the major play preview and the Presidential campaigns, both very interesting and humorous. Those who are athletic-minded couldn't help but enjoy the intrduction of the various teams, especially the Girls' Basketball team.

After this Mr. Unwin comes out again and we have a very enjoyable sing song. Then we are dismussed by Mr. Laing while the orchestra plays a lively march.

LeRoy Kufske, CXC.

The Jazz Band

Jumbling Jive and rhythmic harmony that causes the hepcats' toes to twitch, and shoulders and other portions of the anatomy to shake, is what issues forth from the limbs and fingers of the crew of the Jazz Band. At tea dances and at those rare jewels, the senior assemblies, Two O'clock Jump, (Boogie-Woogie Drummer Boy), send their scintillating strains jittering into the air. All the men (nope, no "femmes") are members of the High School Orchestra, and make with the classics, sweet and low, as well as with Harlem's latest. The wailing saxes are taken care of by our Jimmy Dorsey's Harry Yanke (tenor), Ken Kutschke, Ross Yendt, Jim Wanklin and Dale Schmidt, all Alto. John Conrad, Paul Uffelman and Dick Kehn run Harry James keen competition on the trumpet. Owen Geiger manipulates the Slush-pump (trombone to you), Art Hedlam goes to town on the skins, and Geoff Shaw plucks the strings of the Bass Viol. Oh yes, we also have our own Roy Roberts, a cross between Frankie Sinatra and Freddie McGurgle. Are they solid!! They have been classified with Count Basie, Duke Ellington and Guy Lombardo. Truly, this school can throw out its chest and puff with pride because of that King of Bands—the Jazz Band of K.C.I.

Annual School Dance

This year's annual School Dance was called the "Snow Ball" and the decorations were designed to produce the effect of a winter snow scene about the dance floor. The artists responsible for the snow murals on the walls were: Marjorie Wallis, Diana Lowe, Doris Klugman, Earl Pollex, and Sigmund Reszetnik. A large group worked for the two days before the dance on preparations.

The dance itself took place on December 17. Patrons and Patronesses were: Mr. and Mrs. Merritt, Miss L. I. Snider, and Mr. W. MacMillan, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. King, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Bailey, Marie Post, and Jack George. Those in charge of the entrance were: Marion Huber and Shirley Brautigam. Refreshments were sold in aid of the Red Cross. Bob Bowman was on hand to snap pictures of the couples at the dance. The party section provided games and movies for several hundred of the younger students. Auditorium convenors were: John Koegler and Ron Buddell. The game rooms were managed by Bill Gildner and an able committee.

Ken. Howard, AXIIIC.

Public Speaking

The Senior girls' public speaking contest this year was noted for the fine preparation and presentation of the addresses.

The judges awarded first place to Onalee Walter, for her fine speech entitled, "None Too Young". Catherine Schweitzer, close runner-up, in her speech, "What Are We Fighting For", explained the reasons for which the sons of Canada are risking their lives in this titanic struggle.

Doris Klugman gave a very enjoyable talk on "Sneezes" which kept the audience in laughter. A picture of China was brought to us in the exceedingly well prepared and presented speech, "Madame Chiang Kai Shek", by Dorothy Rushton.

The Junior Girls' Contest had the record-breaking entry of seventeen speakers. Jean Hemphill, the winner, spoke on "Blood For Victory". Second place was awarded to Mary Augustine who gave a fine address concerning "Madame Chiang Kai Shek". Local highlights were brought out by Shirley Reis' talk on "Meal-time at Freeport".

This year's Public Speaking Contest for the senior boys proved to be one of the finest in some years. As usual, each contestant must give a prepared speech of seven minutes and an impromptu of two. In the latter the participants rose admirably to the occasion with such interesting and forceful impromptus as "What We Owe Russia", and "Red Cross Projects".

The prepared speeches showed a trend toward different phases of the war. The honour of first place was awarded to George Hopton who gave a timely address about a group of men who are on everyone's tongues today, "The Big Three". He will receive a gold medal donated by the K.-W. Rotary Club.

The second place winner was John Augustine, who gave an illuminating speech on the political and economic system of Hitler's fortress entitled "Inside Germany". Jack Walter, who spoke on "Restaurants", delighted the audience with his tales of delicious repasts. Grant Kaiser's talk, "Humour" was well received by the student body.

The Junior Boys' Public Speaking Contest, with its eight contestants, proved to be very interesting also. The contestants' topics were very varied, and concerned everything from "Mammals" to "Penicillen".

The champion was declared to be Charles Greb, who gave an excellent address about the "Traditions of the Royal Canadian Navy". John Johnston was awarded second place for his fine address, "Our Wonder Drugs".

The Public Speaking under the sponsorship of Mrs. Macdonald is one of the major activities in the school.

J. Johnston, A11C.

Debating

There is a knock at the door and the home room teacher answers, returning with a short slip of white paper, and announces—"Girls, your form will debate against form "Z" in three weeks' time." The class digests this news calmly, with members of the debating team remarking,—"Three weeks gives us plenty of time, Three weeks give us plenty of time." The debate is forgotten for the moment as the interesting Ancient History lesson takes the limelight. At ten to four, Jean turns to Mary and says, "Weren't we to choose our debate subject to-night?" And Mary greets this news enthusiastically, as it means five minutes less of mathematics.

They hurry down to see Mrs. Bull who looks after the choosing of the subjects. Here the representatives of the opposing team, with a superior air, await them. Four pair of eyes eagerly scan the three-page list before them. Mary, with a most learned expression on her face, suggests No. 35—"The Barbarian was happier than the civilized man," but in John's opinion, No. 42—"Soldiers endure greater hardships than airmen," is by far the better. Mrs. Bull suggests an alternative, "Strikes should be made illegal in war time." After much difference of opinion, finally John produces a coin to settle the matter —Heads have it, and No. 42 wins! Jean demanding her rights, says, "In that case we want the affirmative." And the coin is again produced.

Three weeks have passed and Mary's team finds itself seated on the stage of K.C.I's assembly hall, grimly facing their opponents. As the chairman announces the subject of the debate, Jean, the first speaker, takes a last desperate look at the notes in her hand. The faces of the audience give her little confidence, as she plunges into—"Madam Chairman, Honorable Judges . . ." She is followed by alternate members of both teams. Finally, Mary gets up, her hands full of notes to refute her opponents' statements. Her first remark does not meet with the approval of one of the members of the opposing team. Heatedly he whispers to the chairman, "I protest." Mary, urged on by the opposition, concludes,—"My worthy opponent has stated that airmen endure greater hardships than soldiers. Well," she states emphatically, "They do not!" Whereupon John, the opposing refuter, immediately rises and exclaims, "My worthy opponent has stated that soldiers endure greater hardships than airmen. "Well," just as emphatically, "they don't."

Worriedly, the judges figure up the scores, and the verdict is announced. Another debate is over! This is a typical scene at K.C.I. where every form produces an enthusiastic debating team, and where debating is considered an excellent preparation for coping with life in the cold, cruel world.

The keen interest in debating and the excellence of the debates must be gratifying to Miss Snider, the faculty sponsor of this activity.

Susan Rosen, A 11 B

Tea Dance

Now, to nite is the nite
Of the War Charities Dance;
So slick up yore hair
And roll up yore pants.
(for boys only)

For there'll be dancin' and jivin',
And yellin' galore,
And it just costs a dime
As you pass in the dore.

Now the school has a band
And jazz is their meat,
So grab up a babe,
And make with the feet.

John Conrad on trumpet
Chic Yanke on sax;
The way the heps are jumpin'
They may break their backs.

At the drums we have Headlam,
On piano, great Traugott,
Owen Geiger on slush pump,
The gang's gonna get hot.

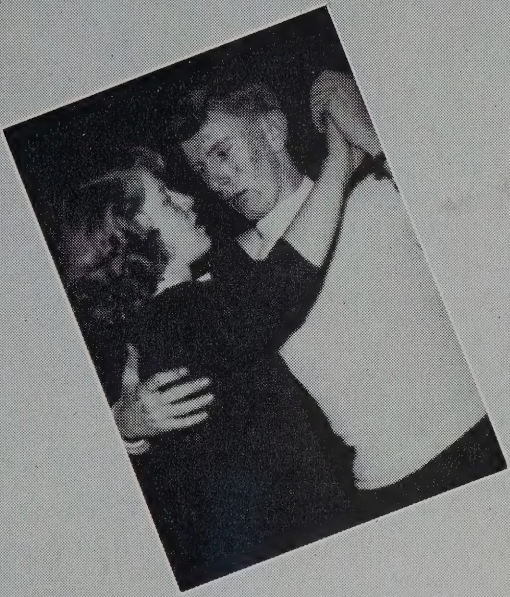
The joint's sure rockin'
The music's divine;
So jump on yore own feet
Don't tangle up mine.

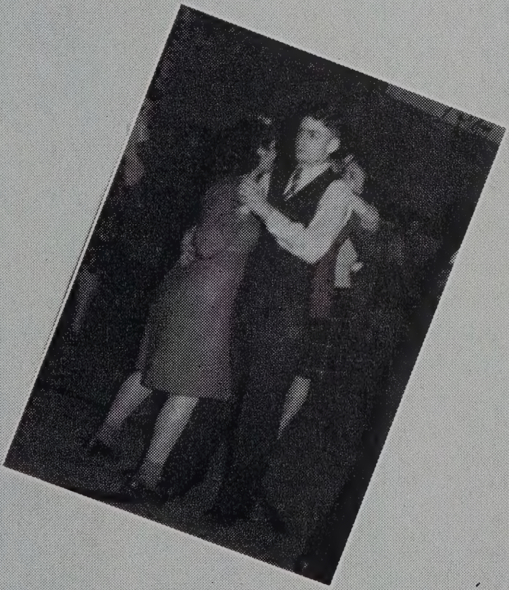
When up steps McGurgle
To sing us a tune,
Hang on to yore gal, boy
Less'n she'll swoon.

Yes, Roy really sends 'em
When he makes with the noise.
That's why there's more girls
And less of the boys.

So come all ye lassies
(not the one that came home)
You'll have a good time
And boys' don't be pikers
It just costs a dime.

Bob Dier, A13B.





Senior Assemblies

Why is everyone smiling so happily this Friday morning? I'll give you two guesses. You only need one? Yes, that's right. After the long weary periods of school work, the students of K.C.I. are about to enjoy an assembly.

The bell rings, and while the teachers are instructing their classes to go quietly in two's, noisy groups of sophisticated seniors amble into the hall. When everyone is finally seated, a lone straggler comes into claim that seat which had been saved for her at the other end of the row. After she had struggled over the half-dozen glaring students, and all the books and purses have been picked up, and everyone is once more comfortably settled, Mr. Merritt and the guest speaker walk up the aisle. Once again seats fly back, wallets fall, compacts clatter to the floor. By the time half the students have succeeded in dragging their weary bodies to attention, and the other half are still contemplating this movement, Mr. Merritt motions them to take their seats. The seniors sink back, grateful that they must stand only once more for prayers.

Throughout all this, the Tech. boys have that wolfish gleam in their eyes and are beginning to wonder why they didn't take some other course where they would not have to wait for the assemblies to see Joan or Mary.

But gradually their eyes wander to the stage. After a lengthy introduction, the guest speaker is brought forward. The students are all attentive for the first two or three jokes, but gradually their interest wavers. In the middle of the speech all the occupants of the gallery are absorbed in watching the progress of a small white handkerchief as it flutters gently toward the floor below, to rest on Mr. Harding's head.

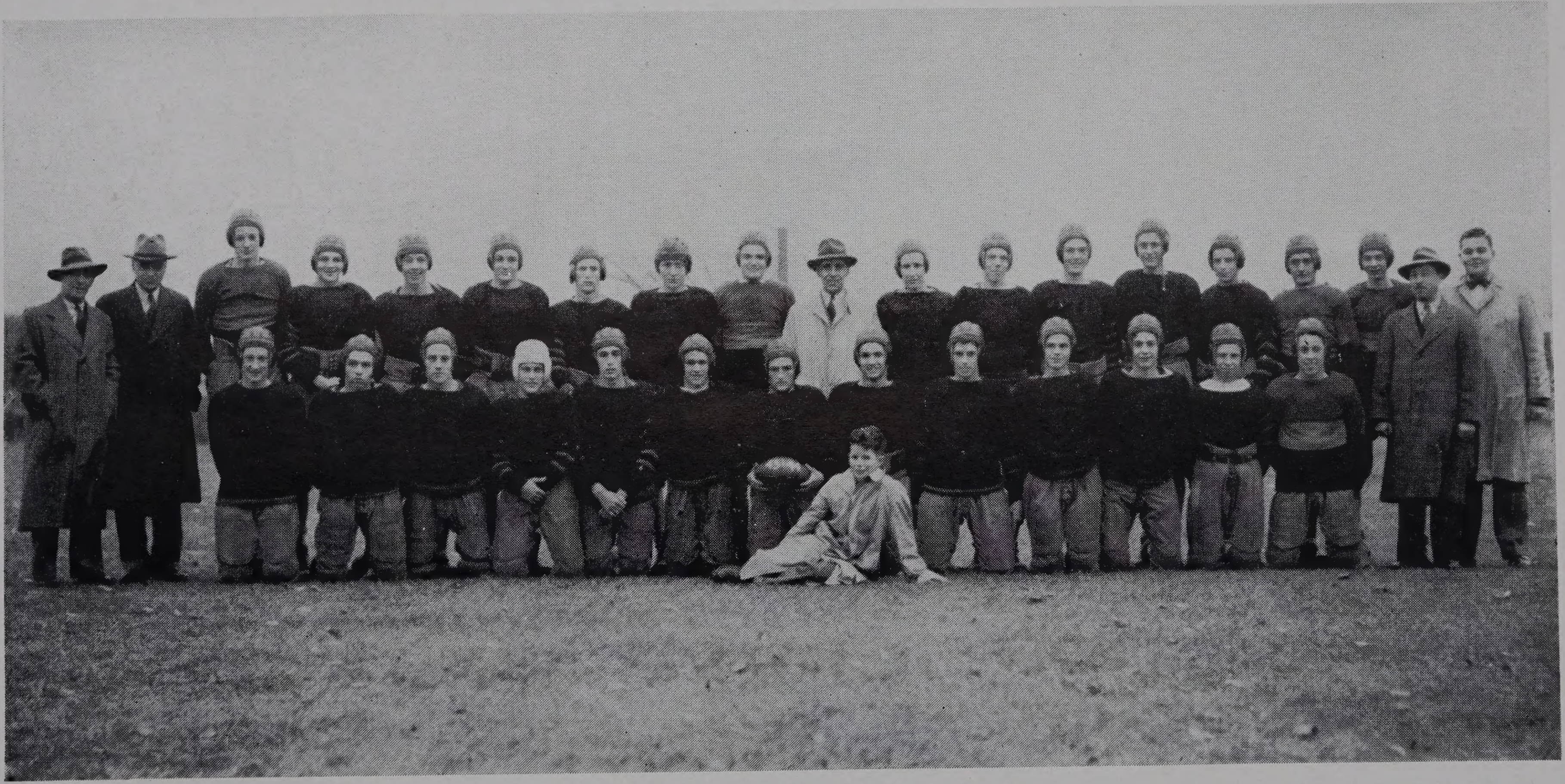
After the students have ceased applauding the speaker, one of the students announces that a part of the major play is to be shown—"Now we present Romance," he says and, Mr. Unwin walks out onto the stage (to remove the microphone). And speaking of microphones — Have you realized how fortunate we are in having our assemblies broadcast? In this way our parents are able to enjoy such interesting features as the first public appearance of the C.W.A.C. Military Band, sketches from our major play, or the special speakers such as Mr. Long from the telephone company who demonstrated proper telephone usage for best results, and showed us the odd devices first used as telephones.

Special mention should be made of Mr. Unwin who sponsors these assemblies, and who puts spice into them by his energetic leadership of our sing-songs.

Gordon Thompson
Betty Kay, C12.

SPORTS

SENIOR RUGBY TEAM — GROUP CHAMPIONS



Standing left to right: Mr. W. J. Unwin, Director of Student Activities; Mr. R. N. Merritt, Principal; H. Breithaupt; R. Roberts; R. McCargar; N. Wallis; G. Robinson; R. Turner; J. Bingeman; Mr. R. J. Hodd, Coach; W. Fisher; W. Pernfuss; R. Dier; L. Smith; B. Burns; G. Toliloff; D. Snider; Mr. F. J. Hodge, Publicity; W. Klopp, Student Manager.

Kneeling: J. Schneider; D. Bauer; D. Hall; J. Forsyth; M. Opper; R. Ferguson; E. Sehl, Captain; W. McLaren; C. Totzke, Co-captain; H. Butler; H. Weaver; J. Gildner; R. Hamblin. *Sitting:* A. Butler, Trainer.

Senior Rugby

Once more the Senior Rugby Team of K.C.I. brought home the R. S. Hamilton Trophy, marking the close of a triumphant season, marred only by a single loss.

Early in September, it was doubted by many that there would be any sort of Interscholastic Rugby League. But through the untiring efforts of our Director of Student Activities, Mr. W. J. Unwin, and our enthusiastic principal, Mr. Merritt, a four-team group was organized. Strong teams from Galt, Guelph, and a surprise entry from St. Jerome's College gave us lively opposition. After squeezing out a last-quarter win in our first game in Guelph, we opened our home schedule against a smart, fast St. Jerome's team. Playing all the while in a driving rain, we once again came from behind and literally "swam off with a victory." In our third game, we downed Galt without much trouble, although at an early point in the game we staved off a bid for a major score by holding them for four downs on our one-yard line.

In our second game with St. Jerome's, a wide-open contest, we registered a 8-to-5 win, which was featured by a fine passing attack and punishing plunging. Our first climax came when the tough Guelph team tried to win its first game against our unbeaten team. In one of the most rugged battles ever witnessed on the local gridiron, we came from behind to score a surprising victory over the game Guelph team. None of us will ever forget the amazing surge of the Red, Yellow and Black; the two sparkling runs of Roberts; the superlative passing of Totzke, and the fighting spirit of the line who opened up gaping holes in the opposing line. Perhaps it was a natural reaction to this terrific struggle that caused us to lose our final game in Galt.

Now comes the personal part of this review, a friendly introduction of the fellows that play this great game. We were fortunate in again having Eddy (Shorty) Sehl, who was a tower of strength in our line and was unanimous choice for captain. Carlos (Sammy) Totzke handled the team from the quarterback spot in a way that left nothing to be desired. Perhaps he was filled with some outside "figure" of inspiration. At the important center-half position was Bob (Goon) McCargar, who outkicked the best of the opposition consistently and did some very fine tacking on secondary defence. Roy (Frankie) Roberts was a valuable asset to the team by virtue of long gains, often resulting in major scores, and his ability to overtake and tackle a breakaway runner. At left-half was Bill (Mickey) McLaren, a fellow who really exemplified the fighting spirit of the team. Another share of our success must go to Johnny Forsyth, who played a very steady game in the backfield. Bob (4F) Hamblin doubled at center and right half, and though a late starter because of injury, turned in some great performances.

At flying-wing was one of our hardest tacklers, Buck Uffelman. In the remaining positions in the backfield were Bill Fischer, Murray (Moe) Opper and Bob Ferguson, who all filled difficult spots behind our sturdy line.

Not half so dumb as the backfield claimed, the line this year held up admirably against its heavier opposition. At snap and centre secondary was our rugged and reliable J. Howard Butler, Esq. Sharing his position was our illustrious J. Robert Dier, Jr., who after a year's absence from rugby, came back to greatly buck up the line. Jonas Bingeman, in his third year on the team, again bolstered the middle of this line. Playing inside wing also were Doug (Butch) Hall and Herb (Shorty) Breithaupt, who though both in their first year of rugby, showed up remarkably well. For the tackling part of the line, at middle wing we had Louis (the Lout) Smith, who personally was not very liberal in letting strangers get by him. Gordon Robinson was probably the best first-year man on the team because of his hard tackling and fine blocking. Another fine middle was Big Bob Turner. Bob seemed to thrive on the rough going and we think he found enough. Gus Toliloff of the big Buick Toliloff's played some fine rugby at middle and had a lot of fight in the "clinches". At the important outside wing position was Harry Weaver, (hold on, girls) back after a year's absence, to put on a fine display of tackling. Don Bauer in his first year, did right well on end, and held up the "Bauer" name to the 'nth degree. Blond Bill Pernfuss added a great deal of experience to the end of the line and did a lot of pass catching. Johnny (Red) Schneider added the pep and fight needed for any team, and became a general handyman as the season grew on. Norm Wallis played rugby at middle wing this year, and though his name is not spelled "Wallace" he was an "ace" in blocking and tackling. Don (the zoot) Snider added the "devil may care" air to the rugby team, but girls, does he really care? A small, but smart inside wing was Wee Willie Gildner. And now we come to our respected coach, Mr. Hodd.

I know I am speaking for all of the fellows when I say we are sincerely grateful to him for the splendid way in which he coached our team. He has an enviable record for any rugby coach at this school—he has never coached a losing team. Our only regrets are that we had to mar his record by losing our last game down at Galt.

Also, our thanks must go to our hard-working student manager, Bill "Heavy" (more gum and bigger oranges) Klopp. We do, too, offer our heartiest thanks to our supporters, without whom nothing would have been possible. Yes, to a great season we doff our hats, and gratefully wish our successors as much luck and happiness as we have had.

Editor's Note. — Our handsome author, Bruce Burns, has modestly omitted his name from this account. Bruce played an outstanding tackling and blocking game at inside and was one of our few experienced linesmen. He was introduced to the senior assembly as "Casanova" and although he winced, we know of more than one girl who thinks he is.

Bruce Burns, A13B.

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Intra-Mural Rugby

Again this year, keen competition was shown in the playing of the intra-mural rugby games. All groups are well represented despite the fact that some intermediate and senior forms had some difficulty in fielding teams. This was due, a great deal, to the fact that so many of the seniors were taking part in W.O.S.S.A. Rugby. Despite a few wet and muddy days, on the whole the weather was ideal for this autumn game.

A great deal of credit should go to Mr. Unwin, sponsor of student activities, and to those unfortunate, unsung heroes, the referees. The winners are as follows:

Juvenile (all weight) T IX D

Herbert Katzmier, Bill Degen, Scott Havey, Benny Martin, Ken Hall, Jim Lidstone, Dick Gingerich, Doug Dunn, Jim Fergusson, Jack Harvey.

Junior (all weight) A X E

Don Snider, Malcolm Griffin, John Fisher, Jim Forsyth, John Murray, Clayton Derstine, Bob Hett, John Harper.

Junior (under 125 lbs.) T X B

Ted Beech, Jack Hubbard, Don Kraft, Herbert Hartman, John Elliot, Don Tallman, John Littlefield.

Intermediate — A XI C

Rodney Swartz, Ron Preiss, Harold Snyder, LeRoy Hallman, Jack Gould, John Johnston, Edwin Howard, Dennis Barnes, Jack Howden, Bob Watson.

Senior — A XII D

Oscar Thompson, Gerald Bader, Bob Allgeier, Bob Millar, Ed. Ritz, Lloyd Reiner, Carl Amos.

The refereeing was in charge of the convener, Reuben Halpern, AXIIIB, who was assisted by: John Conrad, AXIIIC; Mark Cressman, AXIIIB; Jack Doerr, Roy Murray and Paul Uffelman of AXIID; Joe Pychel, CXIB; Emerson Hicks, AXIIB; and Carl Amos, TMXIID.

PAUL UFFELMAN, A13A.

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Senior Basketball Team

Within the last few years the game, basketball, has acquired an overwhelming number of supporters and players throughout both Canada and the United States. This increased enthusiasm in the game has been felt most deeply at K.C.I. this year. It is not difficult to give an explanation for the high development that K.C.I. has attained in the game. We can attribute most of the credit to our coach of basketball — Mr. "Ed" Devitt. There is no doubt that without his ceaseless instruction we would never have had a Boys' Senior W.O.S.S.A. team showing so splendidly in its league.

At present we share second place in both the Interscholastic and Twin City Leagues, but soon hope to break off the ties and then enter into the final playoffs with the league leading team. But beside the work of Mr. Devitt, we place nine men who share much of the spot light.

Carl Totzke — captain of our cagers, is without doubt the most valuable player on the team. He has developed a style of playing which marks him as an ideal by the remaining members. In his friendly, persuasive manner, he serves well as captain of the team.

Bob Hamblin—co-captain of the team, also is worthy of great praise. He has an effective eye, which gives him a great number of points. There is nothing that can stop Bob when he's playing a basketball game. (If we keep Joan out of the gallery!)

Roy Roberts—who plays guard (and everything else) keeps up the morale of the team, for Roy packs in the women. He is also exceedingly fast in basketball. More than once he has travelled down the floor with such great speed that after going through the motions of sinking a basket it was discovered, much to his dismay, that the ball was lying very quietly at the other end of the floor.

Bob McCargar—also a guard, is a much steadier player than Roy. Bob is an exceedingly smooth and cunning player and many a time puts in baskets which truly amaze everyone . . . even himself.

"Howy" Butler plays effectively both as guard and forward. He sets up many plays which make our team so well organized on the floor.

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Howy has a one-handed shot that is a "lulu".

Louis Smith—a newcomer to the basketball team, has shown so well as a guard that one would think he has played as long as his "dad" has been a Liberal. Louie has still a number of years ahead of him in which to develop into an outstanding player.

Dave Woeller—plays centre and guard. He is our tallest man and most full of initiative. He guards well, and his height enables him to take many re-bounds off the basket.

Norm Wallis — plays guard and adds a great deal of the much-needed height to the team. He is a very dependable player and fights very hard for the ball. There is a rumour that Norm carries a comb in his basketball shorts—but don't quote us.

Editor's Note.—Julie's too modest to brag about his basketball ability, so here's the lowdown, girls. Julie is K.C.I.'s flashiest forward and has introduced a smooth style of play from St. Jerome's that many of the players have subconsciously modelled themselves after. Other activities include dramatics, violin and picking up stuff at the Saturday-night Club.

JULIAN RESZETNIK, A13A.

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The Junior Basketball Team

According to custom, K.C.I. has again come up with a championship Junior basketball team. They are undefeated as yet this year, and hold top spot in the Junior Interscholastic League.

After an absence last year of a Junior team, it was decided this year to form a three-team loop, composed of St. Jerome's, Galt and K.C.I. Our Juniors have been organized since before Christmas, which is perhaps one of the reasons why they have an edge on the other teams.

As additional playing experience, most of the team plays in the Kitchener Industrial League, under the alias of the "Y Maroons". Although the competition is much tougher, they have performed even better than most of us had expected.

The captain of the team is Don Bauer, an invaluable player who is well known for his ability as a hockey player. The co-captain, Gord Arris, a very dependable player, who gets little credit as far as scoring is concerned.

Small but effective is Bob Fischer who plays a fast game as forward, setting up many plays and scoring numerous baskets himself. The flash of the team is Murray (Moe) Opper, who handles the ball like a charm; Murray played senior in the City League. Denny Barnes has the knack of being at the right place at the right time, and sets up many fine scoring plays. Bob Turner plays a good game under the basket, and even without the pompadour, is probably the tallest man on the team. Another tall player is Bob Ward, whose height aids him in playing a steady game, both offensively and defensively.

Fast and with a good shot is Erich Traugott, you know him as the great trumpet and piano stylist. John Schneider is the torch of the team, and even without the fiery top knot, his speed makes him stand out. Murray Kaufman plays a fast game and is good on dog-shots. Last but not least is "Gabby" Hayes, the talkative guy who struts back and forth on the stage, and who consequently plays a good game at guard. Here is your championship junior team, K.C.I.! You may well be proud of them, both as the juniors of today, and as the seniors of tomorrow.

Editors Note: Steinberg, besides being the author of this article, himself plays a swell game at centre on the first line. A versatile chap he is, who can make with "da woids" and "da" basketball.

R. Steinberg, A12B.

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KITCHENER WATERLOO 4 C.I. & V.S.

SENIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Standing, left to right: Mr. F. J. Hodge, Publicity; Mr. R. N. Merritt, Principal; Mr. E. H. Devitt, Coach; Mr. W. J. Unwin, Director of Student Activities; Mr. F. W. R. Dickson, Faculty Manager.

Middle row: M. Opper; R. Roberts; D. Woeller; N. Wallis; L. Smith.

Front row: J. Reszetnik; H. Butler; C. Totzke, Captain; R. Hamblin, Co-captain.

Absent: R. McCargar; W. Klopp and B. Burns, Student Managers.

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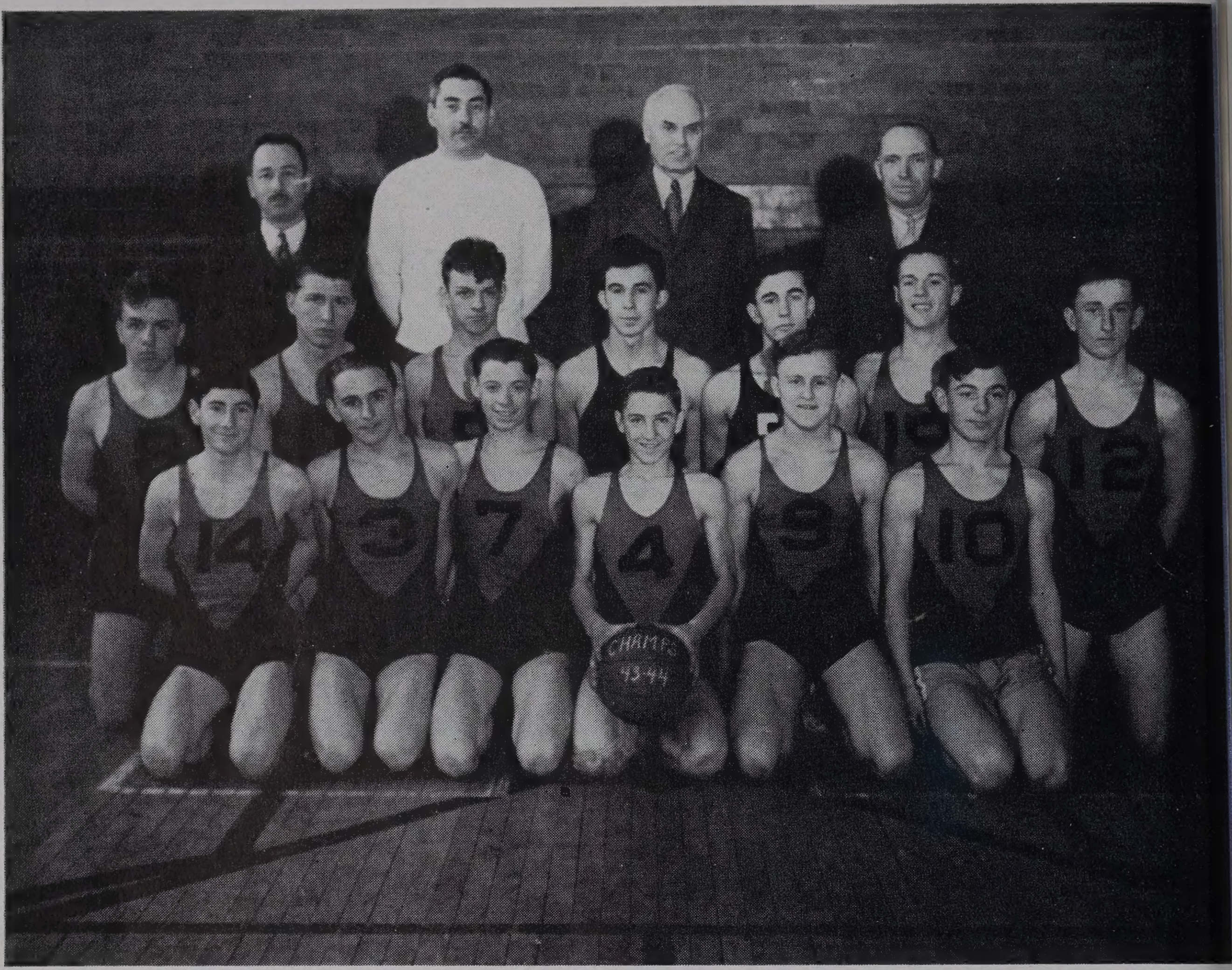

JUNIOR BASKETBALL TEAM

Group Winners

Standing, left to right: Mr. F. J. Hodge, Publicity; Mr. E. H. Devitt, Coach; Mr. R. N. Merritt, Principal; Mr. W. J. Unwin, Director of Student Activities.

Middle row: D. Bauer, Captain; R. Turner; R. Steinberg; R. Ward; M. Opper; E. Hayes; J. Schneider.

Front row: M. Kaufman; D. Barnes; J. Swartz; R. Fischer; G. Ariss, Co-captain; E. Traugott.

Absent: A. Butler, Student Manager.

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Basketball Relays

On December 13th, K.C.I. held its annual Intra-Mural Basketball Relays. Proportional to the increased interest in basketball in this school, a record total of 410 students competed. After a week of which both boys and girls took part in the struggle to bring honour to their home forms, the following results were announced:

Winners were:

Juvenile—Girls—Tech. IXA

Eleanor Ainlay, Jean Schmidt, Betty Hertrick, Marjorie Biesel, Margaret Neumann, Johanne Krause, Eva Kraft, Miriam Morrison, Geraldine Weiler, Geraldine Kuehl.

Juvenile—Boys—Tech. IXC

Harry Dobney, Frank Graham, Roman Braun, Watson Stanley, Clarence Dunbar, Fred Frank, Robert Phillips, Robert Ritter, Bob Thompson, Norman Arndt.

Junior—Girls—Ac. XA

Pauline Brubacher, Jean Thornton, Betty Daub, Jean Dahmer, Janet Hasen, Margaret Baer, Violet Bonkoff, Connie Berry, Pauline Ernst, Muriel Brubacher.

Junior—Boys—Com. XC

Morten Awerbuck, Bob Schaub, Joe Sadowsky, Jack Siemon, Willard Waddell, Eugene Martin, Lorne Kramer, Dave Gray, Carl Zinkan.

Intermediate—Girls—Ac. XIB

Florence Ratz, Jane Ratz, Jean Cruickshank, Mary Shirk, Evelyn Steiss, June McGanity, Susan Rosen, Dorothy Capling.

Intermediate—Boys—Tech. XIB

Russel Charbonneau, Bob Fischer, Steve Mihli, Eddie Hrycyk, Orton Eby, Mickey Brown, Lloyd Frank, Wallace Leeman.

Senior—Girls—Ac. XIIIB

Marg. Dickson, Jean Kaufman, Kay Shiry, Evelyn Byers, Isabel Harlow, Audrey Helm, Laurine Allendorf.

Senior—Boys—Ac. XIIC

John Schneider, Bob Ward, Fred Janke, Ewart Hayes.

Howard Butler, A13C.

All-Star Hockey Game

The intense rivalry between S.J.C. and K.C.I. was brought to fever pitch when the two schools tangled in an All-Star Hockey Game. The game was played at West Ward rink with K.C.I. emerging victorious by a score of 6-0. The sponsor of the game was AXIIIB, and the men responsible for the success of the contest were: Mr. F. W. R. Dickson, Ron Buddel and Reuben Halpern. The proceeds of the match, which amounted to over fifty dollars, went to the school's Red Cross project.

The teams were more evenly matched than the score indicates. The line-ups:

S.J.C.—Goal, Gerry Malleck; defence, Bob Rafferty, Louis Hinsberger; centre, Schnarr; wings, Harry Psutka and Hugh Connor; alternates, Hergott, Ted Dzuira.

K.C.I. — Goal, Carl Totzke and Bob Turner; defence, Bob McCarger, Bun Martin; centre, Bill Pernfuss; wings, Keith Ziegler, Doug Hall; alternates, Irvin Masters, Fred Janke, Louis Zettel, Gord Robinson, Bill Gildner, Bill Fisher and Harry Weaver.

Referees — Jack Brick, S.J.C.; Dennis Barnes, K.C.I.

Bill Fisher, A XIII B

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102 LOMBARD STREET
TORONTO

Girls' Intramural Volleyball

Volleyball in 1943 began on October 7, and ended on November 5. In those four weeks, 53 teams played off in a Double elimination. This means over 300 girls took part in more than 100 games. Weather permitting, six games were played every night.

Most of the games were exciting with teams evenly matched. That is, most of the games, but what happened to A XIII B against Special Commercial I? Well cheer up, A XIII B, you weren't quite whitewashed.

In the end, however, the following teams came out on top:

Grade XIII champions—
Special Commercial I

Grade XII champions—
A XII B "A" team

Grade XI champions—
C XI B "A" team

Grade X champions—
C X A "B" team

Grade IX champions—
T IX B "A" team

These top teams played off for the school championship which was won by C XI B "A", the most efficient volleyball team ever seen in action in K.C.I. Congratulations, C XI B.

The Girls' Basketball Team

Brains, brawn, and beauty is the keynote of the K.C.I. girls' basketball team this year.

Coached by Miss Wilhelm, they have, for the first time, entered the City League Basketball and are playing their games at the Y. W. C. A. Their first game was an exhibition one against the Mutual Life, which they won 31-6. They were also victorious in the first City League game, beating Cluett and Peabody 18-7. Here's the team:

Diana Lowe—captain — has the sharpest eye on the team. She plays forward and is so swift everyone has trouble matching the pace she sets.

Jean Kaufman is Diana's opposite, a steady and a sure player. She is a veteran of three years standing on the team, and is always on the spot where she is needed most.

Delphine Zohr is the tall, blonde forward who is also president of the Girls' Athletic Association. This is Del's third year year on the team and when she is "on", her shooting really "clicks".

Helen Schaus plays guard and is as dependable as the rock of Gibraltar. This is her second year on the team and she certainly has learned to hang on to the ball.

Gladys Leffier is a team in herself, a small whirlwind on the floor. You can depend on Gladys not to let a thing slip past her—not even a man. She plays guard.

Isabelle Chivers is sweet, innocent sixteen, but she doesn't miss a thing. The forward who gets around Isabelle has to be pretty good.

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Betty Ruppel eats, sleeps, and breathes Frank Sinatra. What she lacks in size, she make up for in tricks. The forward line would miss this fast little player.

Doris Kinzie — forward — seems to get good luck, not bad, from the magic number 13 she wears on her uniform. She is a sure shot and when it comes to a toss-up, you should see her jump!

Pat Henderson—tall, dark, and delightful,—so we've heard. When she isn't delighting the stag line, she plays a good hard game as a guard.

Jerry Witzel — has enough pep and "go" for several people. This is her second year on the team, and she puts all her "oomph" into her game as a guard.

Ruth Armstrong—"Army" plays forward and always gets a thrill out of every basket she scores. Good playing and good looks make hers a double contribution to the team.

Susan Rosen—plays guard and is the acrobat of the team. She is always in there trying, with the same enthusiasm she shows in everything.

Helen Nesbitt — played Junior last year but has now moved up into higher company. She is a hard-fighting guard, who refuses to let anything get her down.

Alfreda Slobodzian—is as short as her name is long. She is the "shrimp" of the team, but that doesn't seem to affect her playing. As a first year forward, she is doing an excellent job. Alfreda is another of our Variety Show acrobats.

Mary Shirk—another newcomer, is an up and coming guard. Mary sticks to her forward like glue.

Jane McGanity—is the forward with the twinkle in her eye. This is her first year on the team and what she doesn't know she is eager to learn, and is getting along splendidly.

Archery

Flash! September, 1943. Here comes exciting news, fresh from the sports department of K.C.I. The girls are up to something very new and very different. For the first time in the history of our illustrious school the females have two different kinds of bows.

The motto of a would-be--archer is "Patience is a virtue". We have only three sets of bows and arrows and if you want to know how long it takes a perfect greenhorn to be taught enough and pulled enough and urged enough to let off her first arrow, just ask Miss Wilhelm. I'm sure she could rhyme off all the painful details. You certainly have and deserve the heartfelt thanks of all the girls for your patience, persistence, and encouragement, Miss Wilhelm. Believe me—when one starts shooting the basement windows instead of the bull's eye and has to wait sometimes twenty minutes for one short turn, one needs all the encouragement one can get.

This is the first year we have had any archery and all has gone well, but we hope to see our "archeresses" out in hordes next year. If at first you don't succeed, come out and try, try, try again.

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A. Mitchell, Agency Manager

GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM

Standing, left to right: Mr. W. J. Unwin, Director of Student Activities; Mary Shirk; Gladys Leffler; Helen Schaus; Delphine Zohr; Miss J. Wilhelm, Coach; Doris Kinzie; Pat Henderson; Jean Kaufman; Isabelle Chivers; Mr. R. N. Merritt, Principal.

Kneeling: Betty Ruppel Helen Nisbet; Jane McGanity; Diana Lowe, Captain; Ruth Armstrong; Jerry Witzel; Alfreda Slobodzian.

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Y. W. C. A.

ACADEMIC XIIIA

EMIL BONKOFF—Plays basketball, hockey, and on occaion attends school. Future plans a deep, dark secret.

DONALD BROWN—That English gentleman (?) about town who hopes to return to "life as usual" in England.

BEN FORMAN—Noted for his clever caricatures and cartoons. Thinks no boy can have definite plans in these days, but he'd like to study law at Toronto.

MURRAY HATTIN—A member of the camera and science clubs, his scientific mind influenced him to take up medicine this fall.

GEORGE HOLMES—George, a camera club enthusiast, is that young fellow who roams about the halls wearing an intense look of studied concentration. Future plans—undecided.

KENNETH HOPP—As Mr. Class can tell you, is the social butterfly of Upper School. Plans to join the Air Force.

KEN ISRAEL—Ken, a basketball and hockey player, is the basso-profoundo Sinatra of the Glee Club.

GRANT KAISER—Grantibus, veteran member of the school orchestra, is one of K.C.I.'s public speakers. This literary genius will attend Waterloo College next year.

JOHN KING—Jack is a newcomer this year from Montreal. Captain of the gym team, he's an example of the perfect physique. Future—The Navy, then college.

ROBERT McCARGER—Bob is a good all-round player of W.O.S.S.A. rugby and basketball. Undecided at present, he expects to join up this year.

PAUL MORRISON—Presidency of Christian Fellowship claims Paul this term. He's one of the few taking Upper Latin. After graduation, a course in medicine at Toronto.

JOHN PENNER — John arrived here from India, last year. A member of the Camera Club, he plans to go to Queen's this year.

GLEN REIST—Is keenly interested in hockey, baseball, and throwing chalk at Robinson. In the fall, he intends to take up Engineering at Toronto.

JULIAN RESZETNIK—Julie came here from St. Jerome's, plays W.O.S.S.A. basketball and is in the orchestra. Noted for his wild words and gesticulations, he goes to Wayne University, Detroit, in September.

MURRAY SCHMIDT—Murray decided that he was "really going to work at school this year". But he finds time for the Iuvenes Club and plans to take a science and math course at some university.

FRED SCHNEIDER—Fred is of Schneider Meat Packing fame. He does much public speaking and debating, and sing! why never before has K.C.I. "sausage" a singer!

HERBERT SCHNEIDER—Herb plays form rugby and teaches aircraft recognition in Defense Training. Plans to join the Air Force.

WILLIAM SHANTZ—Bill, the Grumbler sales chairman, is very interested in school work, and debating. Since he plans to take up medicine, he has "no time for girls".

PAUL UFFELMANN—Paul, a faithful member of that faithful clan, the school orchestra, intends to further his education at Waterloo College.

NORMAN WALLIS—This gay, dashing young cavalier is another sports enthusiast. Plans to join the Air Force next year.

HARRY WEAVER—Plays Senior Rugby, excellent hockey, is editor of The Grumbler and was secretary of the Students' Council. Won a $100.00 scholarship and plans to attend Waterloo College next year. "Is there anything that boy can't do?"

EDWIN WETTLAUFER—"Chubby" is a misogynist (woman-hater to you) and will join the Air Force next year.

MARJORIE BOEHMER—Marjorie has done excellent job as President of the Red Cross. Next alma mater Queen's University.

DARLENE DUVAL — Darlene is extremely diligent. This year she's trying for a language scholarship and intends to take an honour language course at Waterloo College.

MABEL GAUKEL — Mabel is one of our brighter lights. She plays volleyball and basketball too. She's the incarnation of a "good sport" and we wish her the best of luck in her nursing career.

MARION GOFTON — Specializes in spares. Real interest, Occupational Therapy.

MARION HUEHN—Our form's little sprinter. Future plans slightly hazy, but she rather likes the "woman in white" aspect. Next year, Waterloo College.

MARY HELEN KEBER—Famous in the athletic field for high jumping, Helen wants to go abroad and settle down in the Foreign Exchange.

FLORENCE LITTLE—Florence's outstanding Academic ability, we hope, will be rewarded by a scholarship this year. Plans to enter Waterloo College next year.

DOROTHY MacEACHERN — Dot is an all 'round sport but her passion is Chemistry. Next stop, Waterloo College.

JEAN MACKENZIE — Our form's dramatist and singer. She's going to Hamilton next year—but not for what you think. She's headed for McMaster.

GRACE MEISEL—Gay is renowned for her droll and caustic comments. A basketball player, she is going to "insure the cultural training of the future generation."

EDITH MERNER—One of our prominent debaters. Her abounding energy will some day brighten the class-room for some lucky children.

RUTH MILLS—Her "speak low" ability comes in handy at more opportune times than French classes. We wonder on whom she practises and will this interfere with her teaching.

MARIE POST—Marie's all "sugar 'n spice and everything nice." A mean basketball player, her Latin marks!—are something to write home about. She's going to McMaster University.

EVELYN POWER—Evelyn's back this year. We're glad to have her. Ambition to live the exciting life of a foreign correspondent.

BETTY ROBINSON — Just revels in Edgar Allen Poe's stuff. Has a weird streak in her that interests us enormously. Plans to become a hospital technician.

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For full information, including calendars and bulletins, apply to the Registrar, Victoria College, Toronto.

COLLEGIANS!

We commend you on your excellent wartime activities — War Savings Stamp drives — salvage collections, etc. This is the spirit that will send our Canadian Youth forward to win the peace and insure the future!

THE CANADIAN DEPARTMENT STORES LIMITED

Kitchener - Ontario

MIRIAM SHANTZ — Mirie is one of our favourite people—(hear the wolves howl!) Ambition to guide the uncertain steps of little kindergarten children.

VIRGINIA WINTERHALT — Virgie's back this year taking some commercial subjects. Plans to be a nurse

JEAN ZAPFE—Jean is our musician. She would like to continue her music. Next stop, Waterloo College.

ACADEMIC XIIIB

BOB DIER — Future clergyman (?). Has played W.O.S.S.A. rugby and debated glibly for two years. Is still fighting it out with Mr. Dickson.

LLOYD ECKEL—The only fellow in school who gets away with just one haircut a year. We wonder if he will grow a beard when he joins the navy in June.

BILL FISHER—A brawny individual who has played W.O.S.S.A. rugby for two years, and has taken an active part in all intramural sports. Big weakness—blondes.

FRED GILLARD — Only class member who gets into all the local theatres for children's prices. Mr. Minielly's pride and joy in spite of his well known undertones.

JACK GEORGE—Ex-presdent. A man who's been married three times in major plays. He's been in practically every school activity for the past four years.

OWEN GEIGER — A man who speaks his mind, Slush-pump. Owen is next in line for Dorsey's job. An arden member of our swing band, he now swings grease on the Tech side of the school.

JONAS BINGEMAN—An expert at contracting salvage with a grin. He's always been a hockey stalwart (?), but seems to have his future sealed up in a milk can.

BOB BOWMAN — Watch-the-dicky-bird specialist of the 5th form. Always a perfect gentleman, will be either a surgeon or a carpenter.

ART BROWN—Something of a swing-drummer, but usually gets caught on the rebound. The shortage of razor blades has not yet made him give up his scouts.

RON. BUDDELL—Leading light in form Red Cross this year — something red always attracts him. Has joined the navy to see the world—and what will he see? . . .

BRUCE BURNS—The "inside man" in rugby for four years. Has also served on the Basketball team. He intends to enter Journalism after the war.

JACK CLARK—The man behind the scenes of the Major play for two years, Jack is another one who prefers a life on the ocean wave to kidding Mr. D. about his notebook.

DOUG. COPLAND — Will soon be in the R.C.A.F. This Yank knew enough to come to K.C.I. for his education, and is one of the few 5th formers who is passing this year.

MARK CRESSMAN—Mr. Minielly's Einstein (with the aid of a slide rule). Mark was once in the school orchestra but is now a musician.

ELIZABETH PLEON—Betty, a small blond, speaks French and English fluently. Has the high ambition of becoming a teacher, but there is such a thing as marriage!

KATHLEEN SHIRY—A little Irish (?) lass with plenty of spunk. "Kay" is a member of the Glee Club. As forward on AXIIIB's basketball team, she keep the guards busy.

MARY TOEWS—Mary has been an active inter-form debater and athlete. She's the little screamer who wakes everyone up with a start in French periods.

MARGARET WETTLAUFER—A small, dark, quiet student who intends to get all, yes, every bit of her upper school in two years.

AUDREY HELM—A XIII B's talented musician. Has spent three years in the Glee Club, four years in the orchestra.

LAURINE ALLENDORF—"Laurie" is willing to plug at chemistry in hopes that she will some day be "Nurse Allendorf". We hear she makes a good waitress too!

DOROTHY ARMSTRONG—"Dit" is a cute kid with plenty of what it takes. Look for her in her exclusive dress shop in the near future. "Dit's Dainty Duds".

JOHN KOEGLER—John has spent two years on Students' Council, four years in the Glee Club. He is ⅓ of the Roberts, Janke trio. Expects to attend McMaster University for Geology and Chemistry.

BILL PERNFUSS—This able hockey fiend and Sergeant in the Air Cadets, has also spent two years on the Gym Team. Went farming last year, but this year hopes to join the R.C.A.F.

EARL REINER—Earl, the curly-headed blond, has played a flute for four years in the school orchestra. Earl's modesty made him plead for silence concerning his activities.

DON. RIVERS—Has attended those democratic meetings of the Students' Council. Don. campaigned for Marion Hollinger and just recently joined the R.C.A.F.

GEOFF. SHAW—A lad from England, member of the school orchestra and bass-viol plucker for the swing band. Hopes to return to England to join the Royal Corps of Signals.

JACK WALTER—Jack spent one year on the council, and starred in two major plays. A leading light on Dance Committees, he hopes to take Medicine at Toronto next year.

PAUL WIEGAND—One of those rare men—a sober-minded fifth former. Former president of Christian Fellowship, next year hopes to take Engineering at Toronto.

LEO WOLYNETZ—Crossed the bow on the violin for two years in the school orchestra. Next year he hopes to go to Toronto to further his education (?).

HELEN JANZEN—A natural blond who doesn't have to study for the marks she gets. What a lovely housekeeper she'll make.

SHIRLEY ZACKS—A dark, little, talkative girl who is never known to worry about being caught chewing gum. (Keeps Red Cross boxes jingling.)

SYLVIA HIGHMAN—A dark, attractive girl with a really charming personality. Mr. Class' only success.

WILMA LOUGH—We don't see much of Wilma. She has missed a lot of school due to an infection received while working in a war plant. We do wish her success.

JEAN KAUFMAN—A XIII B's only representative on the Senior Basketball team. This tall, brilliant student is contemplating a course in Mathematics and Physics.

K.-W. Collegiate Students' Store

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We carry at all times a full line of Collegiate Supplies, such as:
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Twelve Scholarships of $700, or $650 each are offered for competition on Upper School examinations. Also many in course.

Elementary Military Training

In the Navy, the Army, and the Air Force may also be obtained on the campus while the regular courses of study are going on. Military training on the campus for women also.

Arts and Nursing

A course given in co-operation with the Hamilton General Hospital —leading to the B.A. degree and R.N. diploma.

All the regular university courses are also offered by this University.
For full information write

THE REGISTRAR
McMASTER UNIVERSITY
HAMILTON, ONTARIO

EVELYN BYERS—"Lynne" is one of those chemical (peroxide) blondes, who dropped Algebra, but came back for more of Mr. Minielly.

SUSAN CAMPBELL—Has already handed in her application to the Hamilton General Hospital, to train as a nurse. Watch the thermometers rise. Hot Stuff ! !

MARGARET DICKSON—Has been active in the War Services Committee, Make-up Committee, and Glee Club. Her future is a Chemical Secret.

VERA GROSS — Vera is seriously contemplating a nursing career. Has definitely decided to remain single, but who can tell.

REUBEN HALPERN—Gravel-throated sports announcer of play by play descriptions of basketball games. Was in charge of refereeing interform games. (A thankless job).

ART HEADLAM—The youngest member of 5th form. A drummer in the swing band. He is certainly looking forward to getting back to England.

HARRY KLEIN—Einstein number two, has taken an active part in the science club, and in past years has served on the Grumbler Staff.

ACADEMIC XIII C

LOUIS ZETTEL—A bachelor by profession, but likes blondes, his ambition is to join the U.S. Army Air Corps.

JOHN TOLILOFF—If you don't know Gus, just look to see who's driving that beautiful Buick. Plans to join the Fleet Air Arm.

FRED ENNS—One of K.C.I.'s quieter students who learns without fuss. Fred's future is quite undecided.

KEN HOWARD—Ken is a very active member in Y work. Also a member of our Students' Council. Ambition to study Business Administration at Western University.

DOROTHY PRYOR—We haven't discovered yet whether a temper goes with Dorothy's red hair. A grand basketball player, her ambition is to be a doctor.

RUTH MARY HAGMEIER — Is active in inter-mural basketball and volleyball. Hopes to be a dietitian some day.

MARION SCHAEFER—Marion plays basketball and takes an active interest in the Navy. Future—undecided.

ELIZABETH McGANITY — "Lambie Pie" is our athletic representative this year. Ambition—is to be another Dr. McGanity.

CORRINE BOYER—The future is very indefinite for "Shorty"?????

JOHN CONRAD—K.C.I.'s Harry James, is a member of our famous swing band and a trumpeter in the orchestra. His outstanding ability will bring him success.

HENRY JANZEN — Graduated from Tech. with honours and won a proficiency prize. He has done equally well in Academic work. Next year Airforce for Henry.

JUNE SWARTZ—A dark haired, frank young lady, has been active in intra-mural basketball and volleyball.

MARION LEHMAN—A rather quiet, but very industrious student. A member of the Glee Club, she has been an active worker in the Interschool Christian Fellowship.

GLENNY BAUER—Intends to attend school in the States and later become a dietitian. She'll make a swell wife for somebody—maybe an Airman.

ROY ROBERTS — The Frankie Sinatra of K.C.I., can play basketball and rugby too. The Junior girls' ideal of a gorgeous hunk of man.

LA VERNE MUSTIN—Either Mustin doesn't like school or else knows more than the teachers, for he is seen but rarely.

HAROLD GOOD—Will have to keep eating his porridge on Wednesday mornings so that he can stand the strain of carrying AXIIIC's mite box pennies to Room 214.

GEORGE BAETZ—Would like to take a business course at college, but his future depends on his draft status. George is an active member of the Iuvenes Club.

BILL McLAREN—Mickey has had four years of W.O.S.S.A. rugby. Also one of the famed "Harrow Alumni". Mickey goes into Aircrew of the R.C.A.F. in May.

HOWARD BUTLER — Howard has played W.O.S.S.A. rugby three years, and basketball two years. Hopes to join the O.F.S.F. this summer and then the R.C.A.F.

DAVE WOELLER—Has been an active member of the Students' Council and played W.O.S.S.A. basketball for three years. He is planning to go west among the Indians next fall.

HARRY JANKE — "Chick", an ardent sax player, has been a member of both the Glee Club and Orchestra for four years, and President of both groups. Hopes to attend Huron College next fall.

CECIL CAMPBELL—Cec the tall, silent type, doesn't miss much. Is one of the best players on our form's basketball and rugby teams.

BILL KLOPP—Has been the student manager of the rugby and basketball teams. The Air Force likes men like Bill. Only a little thinner, please.

BOB RIEPERT—The tenor of the Glee Club, the baritone of the Orchestra, the Casanova of Commencement plays. Future—minister, a druggist or a hen-pecked husband?

BILL GILDNER — "Pee Wee" is the silent type. (Wonder what he's thinking?) Threw his tremendous weight around playing for the rugby team this year.

KEN KUTSCHKE—Brain of A XIII C, Ken won a scholarship in Middle School and we wish him lots of luck this year. A musician, he's president of the orchestra.

BILL SCHMIDT—Bill will follow his father's footsteps. In a few years we'll see him selling pills in his own corner drugstore.

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Co-Operation is not a sentiment - it is an economic necessity

—Charles Steinmetz.

JOHN WALTER & SONS LTD. — PLASTIC MOLDERS

Gift Ware - Novelties - Furniture Carvings - Advertising Signs

BILL UFFELMAN—Gone but not forgotten, "Buck" was a rugby hero. Also knows how to handle a hockey stick and puck.

MARJORIE BRYDEN—Marj. is our stage star, with a big male following. The girls like her too.

RUTH WEBER — K.C.I.'s loss will be McMaster's gain; but perhaps Ruth will return some day as K.C.I.'s librarian.

HELEN McKEOWN—Has been helping the war effort the last few summers. It was at the Sunshine where she was officially named "Kitty".

MARIE CLENDENEN — After all the men left the Mutual, Marie couldn't resist coming back to good old K.C.I. We'll leave it up to you to decide if A XIII C has men.

AUDREY LISHMAN—The Lulu is quite the gal, especially among the rugby Casanovas. Also has considerable ability in the classroom.

FRANCES TRUMP—Frannie's golf has won her renown. Has won the lady's championship and other honours at the Rockway Club.

STEWART MANK — Commonly known as "Mewart Stank" is the silent Jimmie Stewart of our form. Good luck, Stew, in your unknown adventure.

HELEN BULMER—Helen's ambition is rather a gruesome one. Of course, as she says, the world couldn't get along without morticians. *

JOHN FORSYTH—Greatest ambition to beat Eckel at pool. In loftier moments he is a great rugby and hockey enthusiast.

CARL TOTZKE—Totzke has had three years in the rugby field, is captain of the Senior Basketball team and president of the Athletic Society. Quite the handsome hero!

MARION HOLLINGER—"Joe" is vice-president of the Students' Council and is interested in all school work and activities. Has hopes of being a high school teacher.

BETTY ELLIS—Betty's the beautiful blonde of A XIII C. Too bad she's married, boys!

GRACE SHOEMAKER — Has warbled for four years in our Glee Club and this year has taken an active part in K.C.I.'s Red Cross project.

GORDON ROBINSON—Gordon played a successful season of rugby. Also plays hockey and is headed, he hopes, for the R.C.A.F.

COMMERCIAL XII

NAME EMPLOYMENT

Baxter, Laura—Mutual Life Branch
Binkley, Norine—Bank of Commerce, Waterloo
Borsje, Lorraine—Mutual Life
Ferdinand, Ruth—Sunshine Office
Frank, Virginia—Boehmer Coal
Heimpel, Bernice—Waterloo Mutual Fire Ins.
Holle, Margaret—Goodrich Rubber Offices
Huehnergard, Gloria—Hamblin Metcalfe
Koepke, Gladys—Sunshine Office
Kreutzweiser, Jean—W. R. Bricker
Kuntz, Mary Joan—B. of Commerce, Waterloo
Ludwig, Ruth—Schneider's Packing

Martin, Joy—Cluett & Peabody
Merkley, Grace—Mutual Life
Morrow, Dolores—Sunshine Office
Neufeld, Ruth—Dominion Life Insurance
Pope, Shirley—Dominion Truck
Rastel, Ada—Father's Office (Bakery)
Roth, Florence—Brock & Davis
Schmidt, Rita—Goodrich Offices
Sommers, Yvonne—City Hall
Weber, Gladys—Waterloo Mfg.
Weiler, Anita—Bank of Montreal, Waterloo
Willson, Beryle—DeLuxe Upholstering Co.
Yanke, Esther—Breithaupt Estate
Ziegler, Dolores—Mutual Life
Dotzert, Donald—Goodrich Offices (Navy)
Fox, William—Goodrich Offices
Peltz, Murray—Waterloo Mfg.
Rosen, Jack—Father's Office
Sadowsky, Nicholas—Merchants Rubber Office
Yendt, Ross—Burns & Company

STILL IN SCHOOL

MARIE BROWN
Here's Marie, last name Brown,
Now in school, now out of town,
Always a smile, never a frown.

ELIZABETH CALMA
Mr. Calma's gal is known as Lizzie,
In bookkeeping she's a wizzy,
As a stenog. will drive her less dizzy.

UNIVERSITY OF WESTERN ONTARIO

LONDON, CANADA

Canada is playing an important part in the war with the Axis powers. She should pull her full weight not only now but in the years of peace.

How is this Dominion to render this service to the British Empire and to the civilized world when only three per cent of her young people, qualified by secondary school attendance, enroll for a college or university course?

How are leaders to be provided unless we train them? Where shall they be trained if not in college?

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SHIRLEY DELION
Shirley Delion is a teeny,
Nothing about her is at all a meany,
Makes of a boy a "leany."

MADELYN GREEN
Monday for Mady is always blue,
She says there are things she has to do,
That keep her at home Monday "Blue?"

RUTH HOFFMEYER
This gal Ruth is known as Hoffy,
Smooth as silk — sweet as toffy,
In papa's store deals out coffee.

BETTY KAY
Tall Miss Kay is known as Bet,
She's a Student Council Rep.
One of the nicest gals we've met.

JEAN KERR
Jeannie is Mr. Philp's delight,
He teases her from noon to night,
She really is his shining light.

HELEN KESSELRING
Here is Helen Kesselring,
You should really hear her sing,
She will make your pure heart ring.

MURIEL KOCK
She's a gal from out of town,
Turns office practice upside down,
Always sedate, never a clown.

RETA KOENIG
In Shorthand she met her Waterloo,
She couldn't find her way through,
So gave it up to you and you.

LORRAINE LACKIE
If these verses are slightly tackie,
It's because they've got me wackie,
I'm yours sincerely, Lorraine Lackie.

MARY MARTIN
Shorthand got Mary down too,
On the fence this gal it threw,
So in longhand the boss' letters she'll do.

PAULINE MARTIN
A part timer at the Y.M.C.A.
She manages somehow to split her day,
To make all her hours pay.

ANNIE NICOLOFF
Adolf Hitler won't like our Ann,
She's our War Savings Stamp man,
Every Tuesday gets from us all she can.

DOROTHY RUSHTON
President of Council, that's our Dot,
Just like ginger, Sweet and Hot,
She has a finger in every K.C.I. pot.

DOROTHY SMITH
Friday afternoon and where's our Dot,
Down at the press, weary and hot,
Wishing to be with the rest of the lot.

HOWARD SMOLINSKI
Howard is one of the terrific three,
Very much in the minority,
Swamped in all the femininity.

GORDON THOMPSON
Gordon tries hard to take everything in,
And does it all with an infectious grin,
A real good lad and smart as sin.

GLENN BIESEL
Glenn is one of the boys,
Just a bundle of fun and noise,
Gives us a lot of trouble and joys.

JEAN ANN CLARKE
From Woodstock came, Jean Ann Clarke,
Says it was purely luck, but she's a lark.

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SPECIAL COMMERCIAL 1

RAY MASSEL—Decided to take Commercial. Shorthand is his weakness. Intends to become a pianist with letters after his name.

HARRY SCHOLL—Is one of the class' outstanding students and has the making of an equally outstanding Army Signal Corps Officer.

DELPHINE ZOHR—The most athletic member of Special. Has played City League Basketball for four years. Speedy also in Shorthand and typing.

RAY DELION—Waterloo's future Druggist, is returning next fall and finishing his Matriculation.

IRENE BROWN—She tries hard to pry 25c from us for War Savings; is always on the top in class and will be our future Model Secretary.

NATALIE FINE—Mr. Harding's brain child, who on occasions attends school. Ambition—to marry her boss like Rosalind Russel did.

ERLA LEDERMAN—An energetic player in form sports. Ambitions—to become a stenographer and later a housewife. Efficient, speedy, and pretty.

IDA BESHKIN—Or the cause of Mr. Philp's gray hairs, is a newcomer to this school. Ambition—to pass in shorthand.

DON GLEBE—An excellent student in all subjects. Interested intensely in aeroplanes and hopes to become an airman.

BEVERLY SCHREITER — The girl in our room who misses half her periods to take drafting. We wonder why?

JEANNETTE HALLMAN: A girl with a future. She plans to go on to college in the near future. She's a pal to everyone.

GLORIA GIES—The girl with the nicknames has great abilities. Overflowing witih vim and vigor, her secretarial future looks bright.

HELENE RAPHAEL—Has had three years Matric but decided to switch to the Commercial side of the school; plans to work next year.

DONALD GEORGE WIEGAND — A name synonymous with good music—the rhythmic combination of tones; fitting words for our future impresario.

PAULINE FRETZ—Although Pauline entered our class rather late in the term, her shorthand and typing are showing rapid improvement.

BONNIE BENDER—The girl whose attendance wasn't always the best but Mr. Philp still sticks by her in the time of need. Ambition—to figure skate in the ice follies.

DOROTHY WELLEIN—Has her Senior Matric. with high standing. Dorothy is a speedy typist and will make an excellent secretary.

KATHERINE GAMMON — Is the girl who knows all the answers in Bookkeeping. With her ability she should become an efficient bookkeeper or stenographer.

CATHARINE HILLIARD — Tries to be an excellent student. She plans to join the Air Force W. D. when she has completed school.

CARL GASCHO—Plans to work with his father in the automobile business. The war will have to end soon, so more cars can be manufactured in greater numbers because Carl will make an excellent salesman.

THERESA MUSSAR — Hopes to become a secretary. She shows ability in shorthand.

BERNICE DRYDEN — Better known as "Bunny". Harry James and Frank Sinatra fan. She is a good worker and an excellent student.

MARY JANE HILL — Mary Jane's work is excellent. She has real ability and we are sure she will be a success.

TECHNICAL XIIB

	Pen Names	*After School Occupation*	*Favourite Saying*
1.	Jack "Yappy" Break	"Y" Pool Shark	Don't talk loose
2.	Fred "Walkie Talkie" Chapman	"Stroller Maker"	You talk like a sausage
3.	Don "Slush Pump" Jukes	Barn Painter	She's O.K.
4.	Don "Sunkist" Novak	Drug Peddler	Let's play hookey
5.	Fred "Casanova" Shuh	Plow Pusher	Mr. King said so
6.	Steve "Honey dipped" Ustation	Sturm's No. 1 Pin Boy	Lend me two bits
7.	Bob "Yogi" Wunder	Swoon Crooning Machinist	Don't be silly
8.	John "Bambino" Zlateff	Skinless Banana Salesman	Give me three cards

	School Activities	*Future Plans*	*Preference*
1.	Students' Council Rep.	U.S. Navy	Brunettes
2.	Students' Council Rep.	G. I.—Canadian Army	Jeanny with the light brown hair
3.	Member of Swing Band	R.C.M.P. Bandsman	Anything at all
4.	All round athlete	Pattern Maker	Bachelor
5.	Red Cross Rep.	Electrician	All or nothing at all
6.	Gentleman	Stoker 1st Class, R.C.N.	Sweater girls
7.	Athletic Rep.	Machinist	Crude, rude and unattractive
8.	Students' Council Rep.	Motor Mechanic	C.W.A.C.'s

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A Day With A XIII___

Robert Dier

We specify a day, for any longer period with us would drive one to drink. Or, in desperation, one would join the services. Not that there's anything wrong with the services, but what would the future rugby teams do? But casting aside further preliminaries, will you be so kind as to follow us through an average day of joy in K.C.I.?

Arriving at school early in the morning, some character informs us that the first bell just rang. Hastening to our locker (and we being fairly tall have naturally secured a bottom locker) we fumble for that elusive key, and fling open the locker door. After picking our books off the floor, we discover we have left the ones for this morning's classes at home. Proceeding to our home room, we notice that the sun is just appearing over yon horizon. Greatly comforted by the presence of this heavenly body—and noting a few more in the corridor—we decide that maybe today won't be too unbearable, providing that we don't get any exam. papers back.

Dodging a deluge of missiles and picking our way over a few corpses strewn in the aisles, we seat ourselves ready for whatever the day will offer. Our War Savings looker-after informs us that to-morrow is Tuesday and not to forget our money. Already our form has saved, voluntarily or otherwise, $175.00. Then our hefty Salvage Sponsor arises and states that the day after to-morrow is Wednesday and don't we dare forget our salvage. Not to be outdone, the Red Cross representative reminds us that we have only contributed $65.00. Then with the Bible reading and repeating of the Lord's Prayer, the day's events begin.

Round one:

After thirty-five minutes of lectures on how we didn't do any work over the week-end, on how we shouldn't come to school yawning and looking like we do, and how the classes of other years used to respond so well, we are ready to begin the day's lesson. Only lo and behold, we have wasted all period! Disgustedly, Mr. Dickson ushers the laziest class he ever had out the door, with the parting remarks that the work we should have taken is in the text-book and that to-morrow we begin a new topic.

Round two:

Geometry being a very fascinating subject, we hurry through the corridors so as not to miss the red sweater which just disappeared around yon corner. Seating ourselves, we await the arrival of Mr. Minielly, the most walked-about man in the school. He finally arrives and the lesson begins. We set about to prove a fundamental theorem which shall doubtlessly prove invaluable in future years. That done, we are assigned only 8 or 9 (eight or nine) questions for homework and may have the rest of the period to begin them. Immediately the bell rings and away we go—stampeding for a fountain. Not that Geometry is dry—but!!! Wiping the lipstick off the funnel, we cool our parched throats, and casting a glance in a mirror, note that the natural green palor is coming back to our face.

Round three:

This period is a spare. It is a battle of whether the teacher in charge can keep you awake and working, or whether you can catch up on the sleep the last teacher so rudely interrupted.

Round four:

Straggling off, not yet fully awake, we prepare to take some lovely poem apart, and discover endless thoughts, and hidden meanings. The author would be as-

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tounded that he had ever condensed so much thought and philosophy into his poem. Finally decided that this class has had no book-work for a long time, (the day before to be exact) the teacher assigns innumerable questions to be finished for to-morrow. By then, he will have forgotten that we were ever assigned any, and assign us some more. At last the final bell rings, piercing the silence of industry, and there is a mad dash for the door.

Interim of hour and half for grub-grabbing.

Round five:

Trigonometry is the subject in hand, but from here it appears a trifle out of hand. Mr. Minielly is naturally late again but, as always, just in time to issue a short test. Homework being asigned, we settle down to work. After just getting nicely started on a discussion of last night's hockey game the bell goes.

Round six:

Hustling after a shapely pair of pins, we finally end up in Mr. Class' room. Not that we have any disrespect for the French people, but as to their language — "O mal de mère". During the course of the lesson a student receives his daily exercise and learns French to the tune of some really wonderful jokes —French variety preferred.

Round seven:

Being a "regular", we do not take Physics, but instead hasten to the History class. Fascinated by the facts contained in our History book, and inspired by the vigorous discussions, we are almost kept awake half the period. We are greatly comforted by the fact that the school day is drawing to a rapid close. However, none too soon a bell rings telling us we may proceed to the next and final (barring detentions) class.

Round eight:

Even though we don't take Algebra we are conscious of the class' existence by the continuous groans and moans audible. In Botany, we naturally study flowers. Having fully covered the characteristics of the Familae scropulariacee, we begin the study of the Monoecious and Dioecious types of plants. As you see Botany is a source of endless wonder and entertainment.

This, dear reader, concludes one of the average school days of A XIII. Now you know why we all look like a bunch of wrecks.

Spring

HARRY WEAVER, A XIII A

Worn-out, hackneyed, bedraggled old subject, isn't it? But pity the poor thing, don't blame it. If you had been jumped all over by poets for centuries, you might be a little worn-out and bedraggled, too.

I have always held a personal grudge against spring. Sure, I love the springing violets, and all that tripe, but the changing of the snow to the violets is terrible. It is a wasted season between hockey in winter, and baseball in the summer. The only sport I can play in the spring is marbles, and the kids always beat me. It's a season of slush, drizzle and sleet, and if any of you readers expect a lyrical exposition on this filthy season, you can stop right now.

Spring brings us balmy breezes, green grass, lovely flowers, as the poets tell us, and sniffles, as they do not tell us. But they never mention that it takes away the shining snow, clear crisp nights, glittering ice, and red flannels. But then, poets are idealists, you know—people that see life as a clear crystalline lake, when it's only a mud puddle. It's fun being a poet though—as long as you keep your shoulder-length hair uninhabited. And if you don't, there's nothing like companionship, is there?

In spring a young man's fancy turns to — what he's been thinking about all the rest of the year. You know: books, school work, and other interesting things. Of course, I can only guarantee that K.C.I.

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men (?) think of these more enlightening things. Other rather dull guys might start thinking of moonlit nights and—and—Say, let's go dull, eh boys? Yes, spring has a strange effect on the human race. You might almost say it speeds it up.

Spring makes little boys run wild in muddy fields, just for the joy of running. It makes old gentlemen give fur coats to their secretaries just for the joy of giving. But you tell that to the old gentlemen's matronly wives. And furthermore, don't let any songwriter fool you. If you see some old gander chasing some old goose, it's not Elmer's Tune, and he's not drunk. It's spring!

Last but not least, we come to women. Now spring hits women in two places—hats and houses. The first they buy, and the second they clean. I'll bet my primeval grandmother kicked my ancestral grandfather out of the cave, while she threw all the old skulls of the mammoths away, all the while strutting around with a new hat of chicken feathers and a wolf's tail. Those were the days when chickens wore feathers, and wolves grew tails.

So, as Mr. Class said as he walked out of a committee meeting that he had been trying to break up for half an hour, "If I can't control my temper any better than this, I'll get out." I'm getting.

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A Slip of the Lip

KEN HOWARD, A13C

"Come on, let's dance!" urged Julie, and the six of them spun away across the floor to the smooth, thudding strains of the orchestra. As they moved through the crowd and the soft coloured lights swung slowly by, Bill felt a gnawing at his mind, his conscience pricking him. Silently he cursed himself for being a fool. Why did he have to say it? And in front of the girls! In a brief moment of forgetfulness, he had blurted out the time when the transport left tomorrow. Julie had heard, but had seemed not to give it a moment's thought and even if—but she had sense enough not to let it go any farther. But Joe had heard too, and had thrown a sharp dagger-like look of warning his way. Oh, well, maybe she hadn't heard it anyway, and at that he dropped the problem to concentrate on the more pleasant matter at hand.

At the store next morning, as she carried some files to the accounting department, Julie stopped for a brief word with Mrs. Hawkins, whose husband was in Italy. They exchanged a few pleasantries and as Julie started on, she paused and whispered to her in a proud tone: "Bill is going over too, right this very evening!"

Mrs. Hawkins had haggled with the manager for five minutes over the atrocious prices of meat at the crowded counter and at last, securing her parcels, she turned, pushed, and manoeuvred through the fleet of basket-carts and bustling shoppers that surged over the floor. The very idea of charging sixty cents for a pound of pork! She had upbraided the young man for being a war-time profiteer and had scornfully suggested that he should catch the boat out with the rest of the boys that evening. Maybe she shouldn't have—oh, but there were more important things on her mind as she followed the tall bent man with the fish face and broad rimmed hat through the broad glass door.

Fish-face paused outside the door to hang a cigarette from the corner of his mouth, light it and to puff thoughtfully on his way. "Oh, it was a rare find to pick up a bit of news like that," he mused. "Some would pay lots to hear about that!" Jabbing his long, yellow hands in his pockets, he turned the corner, and strode swiftly toward the water-front. Through the woolly blanket of fog, through the dark chilly air, came sounds of hushed voices, of the muffled link of bootnail on stone, of the soft pant of a great ship's boilers. Through the shadows a thin, seemingly endless stream of men wound its way into the huge maw-like hole in the ship's side. An hour later a large black shape nosed its way through the blackness over the long swell and slid out to the open sea.

Crash! A sickening screech as steel tore through steel and wood, a howl of roaring blackness. A rushing torrent of water engulfing all, and the huge shape stood for a moment like a pinnacle of rock pointed towards heaven, then slid swiftly, silently beneath the slow surging depths.

Beneath the swell, the long black shape glided slowly on its way, rippling the sea into a broadening "V" pointed toward the east. The Officer in blue with the swastika above his gold stripes, turned to his wheelsman and gloatingly sneered— "It is well that our enemies unknowingly spy for us!"

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«Homework»

Sylvia Beshkin, A12A

After meandering aimlessly through stores, wandering pointlessly through the house, and ambling comfortably through the evening meal, for want of something better to do, you decide to do — oh horror of horrors — your homework.

First you look distastefully at the mountainous stack of books piled on the table before you, and wonder why on earth you endure the slavery day after day at the brain factory, and why on earth don't you join the Foreign Legion or something.

You decide to buckle down and do your Latin when you remember that you left your book in the other room. En route, you stop to twiddle the radio dials, and swoon with Sinatra for a while. In amazement you wonder how anyone could possibly be so cruel, nay, obnoxious and Hitlerish, and give you two whole Latin sentences to translate into English. They look so hard that you decide to go early and have the teacher help you. Your Latin being finished (Ablative Absolute), your mission ended (ditto), you are at peace with the world.

Next you feel full of fanatic zeal, and "rarin' to go". Hm! Mr. Dickson hasn't received a big shock for a long time. Something must be done, apparently. So you open your Chem. note book and manual. Queer! You don't remember taking that. Great Caesar's Bathmat! Your notes can't be that far behind (or can they?). Thankfully you remember that Mr. D. has been hinting at a test, and you know how bad cramming is for one, so you joyfully close your books.

Pangs of hunger assail you, so you pay a visit to the cookie jar, and stop to see how Li'l Abner is getting on.

Oh yes, Mr. Class threatened X@$? for those whose French wasn't done. Well, it mightn't be a bad idea to take a look at it. Sacre nom d' anything! Two exercises. How on earth does he expect you to do them when you've so many other lessons! Besides, you have a spare tomorrow (and 10 to 1 the kid across from you has them done. Collaboration y' know).

At this point you're beginning to wonder why your friend hasn't phoned. You're feeling so fidgety you just can't get back to lessons. Ah! There's the phone. For one hour and 12 minutes you discuss the "Concentration Camp Tactics" employed at the school, and how

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awful it is to have to spend so much time on homework.

Much refreshed you add a few words to the Cross Word Puzzle. Geometry next. Now where on earth did that compass go. Oh! It would show up. Great Balls of Fire! Two exercises! Bad luck certainly travels in pairs. Amazing what designs can be made by just twirling a compass around. Those exercises are hard, or at least, they sound hard. Never was much good at mathematics anyhow. Couldn't possibly do them.

What, no more lessons? Can't be! No, all finished. Well! You look at the clock and sigh with satisfaction. "Two whole hours spent on homework."

«Us Dames»

EDITH MERNER, A13

In the first place, I was terribly late for school, that morning. I missed first period all together and, Cassandra-like, I just knew something awful was going to happen. It did.

Typing second period! Oh, I hate that subject. Everybody tap-tapping and clack-clacking. Then they start typing faster and faster and my fingers hit the wrong keys and then I hit five keys, all at once, and all the while, that dispicable Trudie Sellers is telling me about her conquests over the week-end. Really, to even recognize that girl is, quoting the Reader's Digest, "to take your finger out of a dyke."

The bell rang, mercifully, and, striking an attitude calculated to put Il Duce to shame, I said to Cathie, (she's one of my best friends) "I'm not coming back to typing."

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If there is any bane on our lives it is P.T. in the middle of the morning. Not that we don't like P.T. It's just that in the middle of the morning, one is feeling (and looking) like a wrung-out dish-rag anyway, and to have to get all mussy and hot for the next period, just caps it all. Then too, there are the P.T. tunics!! Never possessing a willowy, sylph-like chassis, I look like a baby elephant on parade in one of those horrors. I always manage, however, just outside the dressing room door, to wipe away a downcast, "all is over" frown, and, squaring my shoulders, and lifting my head, I proudly march in with a sort of "master of ceremonies" bluff cheeriness. So as to take attention away from me, while donning this night-marish apparition, I sing my slightly off-key, but decidedly heartfelt version of "Nobody Knows the Trouble I See". Finally assembled with tennis shoes, two sizes too big, gym bloomers, capacious and surprisingly undiminishing, a blaring "knock your eye out, you can't miss me" blue, gathered at the waist tunic, which ends there (at the waist, I mean) I am some poor inebriate's D.T. The other babes experience a same feeling, but to a lesser degree. Someone, catching a glimpse of herself in the mirror, says with a piteous groan, "I look as big as a house in this mess." Comfortingly, reassuringly, resignedly, robbed of my habitual good-will toward man, I say, "Be thankful you only look like a house. How would you like to look like a hotel?"

When us dames get into a huddle you can bet your last pair of nylons that something—or someone—important is under serious discussion. Now, don't get the idea that I'm just an interested onlooker, because those who know me will soulfully testify that I'm no virtuous "If you can't say something good of someone, don't say it", type. Anyway, at noon, that day, the current glamour girl (and consequently thorn in our flesh) was being raked over the coals in the cloak-room. If you had been passing, you probably would have heard snatches like:

"Tell me truthfully—do you kids think she uses false eye-lashes, or is that just me?"

"Oh, her eyelashes are real enough. She just mascaras them within an inch of her life."

"Don't be silly — her eyelashes aren't half as long as mine, anyway."

"I don't want to be catty, but . . . . ."

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The Calendar on Admission Requirements and Scholarships is of special interest.

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". . . . and such fingernails. I'll bet she doesn't do a thing at home."

"You know, the way she does her hair doesn't do a thing for her face. Her forehead's too low for curly bangs. She just looks like a puppy dog."

Fortunately, Cathie remembered the street-car that we had to catch and, in that way, a small part of the poor girl's glamour was salvaged.

Oh, before I go on, I'd better mention the fact that, when we met at the show that night, we all had long, blood-red fingernails, fluffy, puppy-dog bangs and delightfully mascaraed eye-lashes.

"These darned cans," blasphemed Cathie, as she swayed to and fro on the straps of the street-car, that we did manage to catch.

"As I was saying," she continued, getting all starry-eyed again, "she's just the most wonderful person. Do you think she even notices we're alive?"

"Well, really Cathie, after three classes of reading our papers, and she wouldn't only know we're alive, but might even wish we weren't," I said, trying to show anyone within listening range, that *I* was no sentimental student with a crush on a teacher. Then, after a surreptitious look around, seeing that no one was noticing me, I said, "Seriously though, kid, doesn't she remind you of Bette Davis? All through class, I just wait for her to say—"

" 'Bitt-uh', I know," interrupted Cathie.

"Bette Davis!" Rapturously sighed my kid sister, Susie. "Hey, Cathie, I—I have a beautiful new colour picture of her, with her hair, you know, the 'Now Voyager' way." She stammered in her excitement.

"Oh, you and Bette Davis!" I disparaged. My sister is nuts about

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Bette Davis. "Do you know, Cathie, last night, she came into my room and said, "Let's play a scene from "Old Acquaintance." I'll be Bette Davis and you be Gig Young." Then, she kissed me and, so help me, I thought the vacuum cleaner had me in its toils. I'm telling you, we looked like two polar bears in a clinch."

"Poor Susie." Cathie comforted her. "Say, are you going to Nav's party? What're you going to wear? I can't decide between . . . ."

So the rest of the street-car ride was given over to discussing the relative merits of her honey beige with cinnamon brown and her Oxford grey with fiesta red.

Back that afternoon, we had an unusual amount of surprise exams. That is, in a way they were surprise exams, and in another way they weren't. You see, usually when the teachers say that they are giving an exam, they drop casual hints as to when you can *begin* to expect it, but then they cover up their trail with all kinds of subterfuges. Well, as I was saying, we had exams. We had them in maths and sciences that afternoon, and, if there's anything (which there is) that I have to plug for—it's maths and science. My mind's an absolute blank when it comes to numbers—and as for science—there, I am more floored than ever, if possible. All I can do on these exams, is pray — and memorize. That was my downfall! I forgot to mention exams in my prayers, the night before, and, up until the very minute when the foolscap is handed out, I, being an optimistic person, expect my dear fairy god-mother, who, I am convinced, watches over me with gentle solicitude, to strike me unconscious with a thunderbolt, or something. For the last reason, I had put off memorizing my Zoology and, like the true fatalist that I am, I had given in to the deliciously smooth ice, and had gone skating. Oh, how I regretted it when I was confronted by the Zoology exam!

The kids who, chewing their fingernails and tearing their hair, had bemoaned that they "knew nothing, and hadn't even *looked* at a book, my dear," were sitting

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around me, feverishly scribbling, with the light of intelligence illuminating their faces like a lamp in a black-out. These same people were the ones who, after the exam, milled about, wailing, "I couldn't write a thing." "It was terrible!" "I'll bet I flunked that one," and who, I found, when the marks were given out came off with 99¾%. But, alas, not I! During the whole exam I wrote exactly two words—that were right! These two words were my name. I had a piece of scratch paper, and, on it, I wrote "An Ode to a Black-Board in a Zoology Room". I also scratched telling little remarks such as: "Why doesn't he ask something I know?" "Oh, the ignominy of it all!" "grr-r-r" "Well there's not everybody that can fail an exam like I can" and "Poor mother's hopes".

That took place last period and it was the perfect end to a day started with such ill-omen. Never be late! It throws your *whole* day off.

* * *

Smart Girl!
You JUST KNOW she buys
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Form Notes

ACADEMIC XII A

The "Holme" Room

Motto: In Hoc Ferplenti

Morals—Well taken care of. (4 members whose fathers are ministers.)

Good luck to two former classmates, Johnson Dick, R.C.A.F., and John White, who has returned to his home in England.

Best bench warmers of senior team this year: Breithaupt, Snider and Ferguson.

* * *

In our lighter moments:

1. Lenore W. (preparing for a test): Tell me, does your history give you any trouble?

Sylvia B.: No, I don't think anyone around here has found out about it.

2. Mrs. Holmes: Peter, I wish you wouldn't whistle when you work.

Peter: I wasn't working, Ma'am.

3. Mr. Devitt: The first alcohol, they say, was Arabian.

Herbie B.: Ah, So that explains those nights.

4. Mr. Dickson: Now that we've finished with acids and bases, let's see what happens when we take salts.

5. Ferguson: How long can a person live without brains?

Mr. Dickson: How old are you?

ACADEMIC XII B

Do you want a bird's eye view of the citizens of tomorrow?

Admission only 2c for the A XII B's Red Cross Jar. In one corner of the room, the potential Betty Grable's, Dorothy Dix'es, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt's and Kitty Foyle's converse about the latest method of getting runners (from the desks) in their last pair of nylons. In the other corner, the potential Winston Churchill's, Robert Taylor's, Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt's and Bob Hope's are in a heated argument about the qualities of last night's dates.

* * *

Oh, yes, we're a happy bunch of little —— (censored). Just imagine what we'll be like 10 years from now. Fleischauer intends to follow the advice of our Maths. master and marry some rich heiress and spend the rest of his life in ease. He's doing a pretty good job now with the E's.

* * *

Flash! Mr. Dickson has just completed the amazing chemical formula for converting Salm into Salamy.

Encore un Flash — Will someone tell Jack Braum how to remove lipstick stains from a Sea Cadet collar?

* * *

A choice remark was passed the other day regarding our feathered

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friend's (Dickie Bird) long hair—"He'll either have to get a violin or wear lipstick".

* * *

The essay, "On a Painted Face", brought forth bitter consequences. The girls appeared minus war paint to please Monsieur Armand Wright. Mr. MacMillan's remark was "What a bunch of homely women." Wright or no right, the girls prefer the paint even if it is only to keep the Kleenex industry at work.

ACADEMIC XII C

A XII C is a big happy family of screwballs. We feel that some of our members shouldn't go far in the big bad world. In the line of chemistry, for instance—two of our female characters evaporated some mysterious mixture and produced a wonderful nose and throat irritating gas with an amazing penetrating, persisting quality. Mr. Dickson claims no credit for the new discovery. The only catch is that nobody knows what was in the stuff. Oh, well, it's probably safer that way. If anyone is interested, A XII C will give a lecture on "New Gases" or "How to Annihilate the Chem. Teacher in One Easy Lesson." By the way, we should be more careful about things like that. What with shortages and all that stuff, there is even a shortage of chem. teachers. They're hard to get, especially with F.W.R.D.'s sense of humor.

While we're on the subject of teacher's trials and tribulations, let's reserve a little space for our beloved Mr. O'Connell. What with the shortage of popcorn and salted peanuts, he can't understand what makes the kids of our class so dry. According to him, the way in which our thirty-odd members (we aren't kidding when we say "odd") line up at the drinking tap across the hall from 206 really shatters his nerves. One would think it is a second Beese's Dairy. Not only that but we certainly throw a money wrench into his carefully directed traffic laws for that narrow corridor. "What a bottleneck you are!" scolded A. J. That was one neck A XII C claimed to know nothing about.

* * *

We possess a notable character in A XII C—a short Einstein in person of Isadore Migdal. Ah yes, "Izzie", with his untimely remarks, quips, quirks and caricatures, has an amazing knack of getting into all the teachers' hair (at least all that can still look a hairbrush in the face and smile). But in spite of all, he, "Isadore . . . able" to a few of us.

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After all these grim details, if anyone feels the urge to visit us some day, just drop in at pigeon hole No. 202. Yep, that's A XII C's own little roosting place over which Miss Snider keeps an eagle eye. Believe us!

That completes our news and views; so, as the French would phrase it, "Adios".

ACADEMIC XII D

Our teacher, Mrs. MacDonald, has been careful about saying, "take your seats," ever since the day Irene Fost found that the seat at her desk was loose. Picking it up and tucking it under her arm, she asked innocently, "Where should I take it?"

* * *

What has Marg. (Windy) Baetz got that the rest in the class haven't got? It wouldn't be finished French homework, would it? Well, Oscar, are you blushing?

* * *

Mr. Harding: The circle is one of the most interesting of all figures.

Carl Amos: That ain't the way I heard it!

* * *

Mr. Dickson: (Referring to chemistry notes) I want something short and sweet.

Betty Ruppel: Here I am, sir!

* * *

Poor Bob Millar can't help it if the four girls who surround him in French class are so desperate that they ask his opinion on a few answers. Such was the case when Mr. Class rudely interrupted their conversation with "Say, Millar, how long has it been a custom in this country to keep a harem?" We wonder if Millar was "harum scarum".

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The floor of Mr. MacMillan's room looked so inviting that a certain member of our class couldn't refrain from sitting on it. (Rather hastily, we thought). What some people won't do to attract attention. Don't you think so, McKinnon?

* * *

Why does Don Hohner always keep turning around in French class? There must be a reason. The other day he turned around again, asking, "What preposition do you use with the verb 'dire'? Sweet young thing answered shyly, "Why, Don, I didn't know you cared!"

* * *

A XII D is proud to announce that they possess a bowling team, "The Alleycats". Meow!

ACADEMIC XI A

What? You haven't heard of the reputation of AXIA? To enlighten you, this is what Mr. Merritt said to a teacher about us. "Sir, ahem, this is one of the best forms in the school, ahem, I'm sure you'll, ahem, find it a pleasure teaching them." Now that you know how good we're supposed to be, let us tell you a few things about us.

Did you like that chicken soup served at the cafeteria? Well, we didn't either, but maybe that was because we made it. Yep, we're the only academic form that takes cooking. We're not exactly planning on taking a husband onto ourselves, but cooking might help!

By the way, we're an all girls form. It's like this. We're so "doggone" pretty that no boy could work near us!

We really go to town on the sports. That's what happened at the time of the basketball relays. Everybody went to town to see the Navy Show and forgot the basketball. Good show, too.

But we really can play hockey. You'd never know that Joan Lederman's father was a "pro" hockey player. She hands out a wicked body check, but her tripping is amateurist.

How do we like teachers? They are sort of cute at times. Like when Mr. Wallace handed a book back to Ruth Corbett and said, "Here, this is your book, I think, Ruth. It looks like your shade of lipstick." Best of all we like Mr. Wallace's "Theory on Morons". In 500 years the world will be inhabited by morons. AXIA was only born 500 years too soon.

Sorry we couldn't include our addresses and phone numbers. If you see a pretty girl in the hall, just go up and ask the desired information. She won't mind. She belongs to AXIA.

ACADEMIC XI B

Have you seen Mr. O'Connel recently? Don't you think he looks wan and worn? Well, it's not worry about his car, it's A XI B. The following might help to explain.

Mr. O'Connell returned from one of his sorties to find A XI B resembling the Sahara Desert after the Battle for Tunisia. As he eased open the door, Emerson Hicks, one of our brighter students (bright referring to hair) said: "Sir, you'd better oil that back door, it squeaks." Mr. O'Connell grinned his grin that precedes a joke, and replied, "I wish that was the only thing that squeaked around here."

Mrs. MacDonald loves us too. Half the class was away with the flu, and the other half wasn't learning much French, so Madame cracked. "This class seems to be able to catch everything but French."

Here is one of our skirmishes with Mr. Montgomery. He was asked by Gordon Wesley if "kg" meant kegs. Mr. Montgomery asked, "Do you measure things in kegs?" Immediately Walter Bergman piped up from the rear of the class, "He has a one-track mind."

ACADEMIC XI C

This is A XI C reporting: A XI C meaning Adam's XI Chiclets. The money the Red Cross collects from our gum chewers, Lorraine Uffelman, Anne Schaus and Doreen Travelle is cheerfully received by Mr. Class' little yellow tin!

It's a wonder we don't all need to buy new hats! We heard quite by accident, that one of the teachers thinks we are a very nice form indeed. Now if all the teachers felt the same way, we might have something to crow about!

* * *

Our form teacher is Mr. MacMillan, who, we discovered recently, lives up to his Scottish name. We had decided that if none of us had to pay a fine for a week in our home room, he should contribute one cent for each member of the form. One week, by a great effort, we managed to escape his notice, so he deposited thirty cents in our Red Cross jar. Since then, his Scottish spirit has got the better of him, and he has been sure to catch at least one person a week.

* * *

You know, we have a few very versatile people in our form. Take for instance Malcolm "Touchstone" Dick, who can play romantic love scenes with "Audrey", or impersonate the haggard old servant "Adam" from "As You Like It". Then there is our musician, Clayton Feil, who plays the trumpet in the orchestra. It has been said that this is the reason for his height—hot air rises!

* * *

Speaking of hot air, why doesn't Mr. Class regulate the temperature

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of his room correctly, so that Malin Thompson would not have to take off his sweater during French.

* * *

As you can see from these reports, the occupants of A XI C are slightly—you know!!

ACADEMIC XI D

Our sole claim to fame is that Louie Smith and Alan Butler are in our form. The former plays basketball, rugby, and goes for XIIIth grade girls, and the latter has a wicked habit of taking unwelcome camera shots, and played a fast game of water-boy for the rugby team. I don't mean to imply that our girls aren't good enough for Louie. They're just too small. He wants a girl that comes at least to the third button on his shirt.

* * *

Our mathematics and debating aren't so good. But those subjects aren't as unrelated as one would suspect. After we had lost a debate, someone asked "I wonder what the judges (referring especially to a former mathematics teacher) marks us on? A voice from the back of the class boomed out, "Last year's mathematics marks".

* * *

We really like our home room teacher, Mr. Bailey, but he sometimes puts strange things on the board. Once he put on a paragraph entitled "The Evening Rift" (burp).

ACADEMIC X A

A X A calling all boys! Calling all boys! A X A is an all girls' form. And what girls!

Besides excelling in sports, they actually boast marks up in the dizzy heights beyond 80. Their lives are not all drudgery, despite their being females. It seems the class indulgec in a little fun off the record sometimes. One such occasion was the 15th of December, 1943, when a Christmas party was held in their home room 102. January 14 also was a red letter day. This was a little scavenger hunt which all the members of the class thoroughly enjoyed. A X A attributes all its fun and success to its beloved teacher, Miss Scott. To stray from the serious to the foolish. We see that A X A runs true to form in that it can't be bright all the time.

Par Exemple: There is a miss who defines "Terminal" as "end". Another, daydreaming of Sinatra, was rudely awakened by Miss Douglas and after trying to recover herself discovered that she was in the wrong triangle.

ACADEMIC X B

A X B is the proud possessor of real class spirit. Their "all for one and one for all" motto has won them victories and has enabled them to accept defeats. Their special recipe reads as follows: 1 good project, 2 or 3 efficient leaders, a class of — hm — good-looking (?) girls, a dash of co-operation, a sprinkle of consideration, plus a pinch of good nature. Mix well and the result will forge ahead for itself.

* * *

Sadly, enough, we are stupid at times. Mr. Montgomery will vouch for that. An incident the other day for instance: Mr. Montgomery was roaring at one of our moronic members. Oh!!! Do you want me to hit the ceiling in a minute?"

"Well," she replied doubtfully, "think of the ceiling!"

* * *

Miss Douglas must have a high opinion of us. We sincerely doubt the truth of this but — she was tacking a poster to the door with some difficulty. "This is the hardest wood I've ever tried to knock anything into!!!" And she teaches A X B ?? We cannot believe it!!

ACADEMIC X C

May we present to you the humorous side of the Form of Forms, A X C.

There's that certain young man that wriggled and squirmed so, that the teacher asked if he had ants. The brilliant reply was, "Sure. I've got uncles too." (Laugh here. Ed.)

Then there's the boy who was tracing a map at the window. Crash! In pieces, on the floor, lay

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teacher's prize vase. "Oh well," said he optimistically, "she didn't like it much anyway!"

* * *

Projects being due on Monday, the idea came to the form that the government gives three days of grace on income tax returns. Time was extended till Wednesday, and the teacher went around praying no one would discover. They did. From Monday to Wednesday is but two days.

ACADEMIC X D

Some of the Boys of A X D

There's a tall lanky boy in A X D—
Wears glasses; our future preacher to be.
Then there's another, the girls all rave—
His hair has a beautiful permanent wave.
And there's the fair blue-eyed British boy,
His accent is "Quelque chose de neu".
And, when it comes to Orals Day—
Which little boy is always away??
Of course, there's the shy little spectacled one,
Always afraid to employ his tongue.
Our trumpet player is really hep;
Full of life and full of pep.
We have a WOLF too, a fiendish one,
When a girl passes, he goes on the run!!!
Don't forget our Farmer—muscles and all,
A husky fellow, though not very tall.
And lastly, there's the boy that's so polite,
Has big brown eyes; quite a charming sight.

P.S.—We have girls too, but they don't rhyme.

ACADEMIC X E

One of the most versatile forms in K.C.I. is A X E. With 36 restless boys under the watchful eye of Mr. Devitt, the form is definitely headed for great heights. The diplomats who have had the honour of sitting on the Students' Council are "Mike" Newveldt, our friend from far-off Poland, and Charles (Chuck) Greb, our oratorical genius. Jack Brock has proven to be a bright spot in the line of humour, and has also done fine work with our war savings collections.

* * *

Talking about humour, down in Miss Scott's room, one of the boys decided to climb out of the open window beside his desk. His apish attempts were successful but when he decided to return to the lower realms, he had some difficulty. Miss Scott was standing directly in front of the window. She was so surprised, that she just stared at him as he descended into the depths. Little was said. Someone collected a small fortune out of bets.

* * *

Now to the gentleman who can speak for hours on the techniques of basketball and the various merits and evils of capitalistic and socialistic governments, Mr. Devitt, —our superman of A X E. Our success is due to Mr. Devitt first, and secondly to the bunch of high class morons of which our class is composed.

COMMERCIAL XII

Yvonne: Glen, you shouldn't be here while I'm pulling up my stockings.

Glen: Well, you shouldn't be pulling up your stockings while I'm here.

* * *

Mrs. Page: Now class, since you boys were Boy Scouts, how would you go about lighting a fire? What kind of wood would you use and what would you light first?

Ross Yendt: The match.

Mr. Harding: Are you on deck, Dorothy?

Dorothy Rushton: No sir, I was just washed overboard.

* * *

Jean Kerr: I don't see why he dates her. She's a terrible dancer.

Yvonne: I know she can't dance, but she sure can intermission.

* * *

The girls and boys in Commercial XII are proud to have in their class the president of the Students' Council, Dorothy Rushton.

COMMERCIAL XI A

The Girls of C XI A

Have you seen the girls of C XI A?
Most of the teachers think we're too gay.
We have blondes and brunettes, but our redheads are few.
If our homework is done, that's something new.
In typing we're faster than C XI B,
But their percentage of error is lower, you see.
To be a stenographer is our future career,
But in order to be this, we must pass this year.
And after you read this I think you'll agree
That we're not as bad as we seem to be.

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COMMERCIAL XI B

C XI B could be classified under the following headings:

ZIPPER: Betty, who had broken her zipper after P.T., came late to Mr. Downes' class.

"I was talking to Miss Wilhelm," she explained.

Mr. D. was not satisfied and promptly investigated the situation. The next day he said, "Miss Wilhelm denied having spoken to you, Betty. Betty replied emphatically, "But Mr. Downes, I was talking to her."

Finally one of the students explained, "The zipper in her skirt broke."

"Well," replied Mr. D., "I'm from Missouri, I have to be shown."

* * *

EMOTION: Ruth B. will have to control her emotions in transcription. She has the very bad habit of cursing when not able to keep up with Mr. Philp. It seems he's too "fast" for her.

* * *

TARDINESS: There'll be two moons in the sky when Mildred and Jean come to school on time. Be sure you're out that night.

* * *

MORON: There's nothing we can say about Zimmer that you don't already know.

LOVE: Tittle, who is employed as a bookkeeper after school, doesn't seem to be getting on so well these days. Could it be because of our blonde menace. (P.W.)

* * *

MORE LOVE: What would Doris M. do without her "Sonny Boy"? (Conrad W.)

* * *

MUSIC: What certain musician is still trying to re-capture his Juliet of '43? Give "Juliet" (G. S.) time. She'll warm up.

COMMERCIAL X A

C X A is privileged to announce that it is an all-girls form. Our life is completely devoid of boys; at least it is in class. Moreover, some of us do not regard boys too highly, for, according to Bernice Brown, men are supposed to earn money to run the house and the wife runs him. But every now and again, the masculine influence enters the picture. One day during an English class, discussing poetry, Miss Saari stated that people in love were given to expressing their thoughts in poetry form. A few days later Peggy Karn calmly handed in a poem about the green woods . . . "it's love, love, love".

If you happen to peek into our class sometime, you will see that we have blondes, brunettes, redheads, and brownettes and dark-haired girls. In fact, you would have to seek far to beat the dark, exotic good-looks of Rita Glushkoff; the "daffodil" prettiness of Virginia Bold in her yellow sweater; Stella Buttee's merry smile; Gene Klem's blonde calmness; Vivian Carter's sunny helpfulness; Vivian Kerr's dainty beauty; and Margaret Dalmadge's sunny disposition. We think, and our teachers agree, that we're a pretty swell form.

COMMERCIAL X B

Five years from now when we are all smart, beautiful secretaries, like Rosalind Russell in the movies, or married to our former bosses, smart and beautiful like Ronald Reagan, these things we will remember about C X B:

Silence reigned in the classroom as CXB diligently wrote out their penmanship exercise. Suddenly there was a burst of laughter at the front of the room. The teacher looked up and to her amazement, saw one of our class mates calmly wiping her pen on her skirt.

In a shorthand class, Miss Coumans asked one of the girls whether "and" was written upwards or downwards above the line. The bright child thought and then replied, "I thought 'and' was a dot on the line." Where had she been since September?

December 22, the last day of school, was a memorable day for C X B. They went into 203 and sat down. Miss Saari came in, said a few words about "the spirit of giving", walked up to the front of the room, opened her drawer and took out a package of Chiclets. Then she went up the aisles giving each girl a Chiclet. During the rest of the period, the blissful sound of cracking gum filled the room.

COMMERCIAL X C

C X C is a mixed form, which may account for its unusual character. Our teachers groan and pityingly shake their heads at our efforts in the field of knowledge. Abraham Schmidt by his good work, and Harry Brown and Morton Awerbuck, by their cheerful spirit of co-operation, set us a goal to aim at, but we never quite make it. However, Eugene (Bun) Martin, our famed hockey star, redeems the reputation of the male half of C X C by his profound observations on life. One day, told to keep his eyes on his own work,

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A LADIES' DEPT. on the Mezzanine Floor showing mannish tailored Suits, Skirts, Slacks and Shantyloom Topcoats.

Eugene explained in his bewildered, innocent way that he had not been copying, but merely looking to see what the other guy had written.

As for the girls, they aren't exactly the intellectual type either. But some are pretty. Dorothy Weber used her big eyes to such an advantage during our shoe shining project that the customers didn't care whether their shoes shone or not when she was finished with them. The girls are good sports and take part in many school activities. Katherine Szuck and Mary Vogelsang belong to the Glee Club, Shirley Reis spoke in the Junior Public Speaking.

C X C is not a model form, but interesting.

TECHNICAL XI A

Flash!! As a result of Pythagoras' admonitions to "get into the swim of things, the water's fine," T XI A now excels in swimming!

* * *

What a form — 3 boys to every girl. (They say there's a man shortage too.)

* * *

Fall of Fame

Trendall — Sports pusher with a horse laugh.
Barbara March—Sweater girl.
Ariss & Swartz—Hockey and basketball (O.K. on tobogganing parties too.)
Hergott—Rugby star and Girls' Heart Throb.
Elaine Lowe and Mary Eleanor Wing—Basketball TOMORROW (or somewhere in the next century.)
"Siggy" Reszetnic — Benny Goodman.
"Hughie" Cowie—Frankie Sinatra
Dick Kehn—Jazz Band
Bruce Rabb—Casanova

* * *

Why —

Is half the food gone by the time it reaches the cafeteria? (Girls take note).

Does Mr. Bailey (gee he's a swell teacher) keep a Varga girl in his desk? We worry about things like that.

TECHNICAL XI B

Once again the form of T XI B will be written up in the annals of K.C.I. This T XI B tops those of former years. Much credit for this is due to our home-room teacher, Mr. M. F. Dickson, who succeeds in inspiring all who come within his influence. On the whole, the fellows in T XI B are athletic and we are represented in every sport in K.C.I. We have our class characters too—Stancheff whose speeches in economics will qualify him for a politician; Bob Fischer who is a member of the Jr. Basketball team; V.

Bolat whose specialty is repairing cars, Mr. Thompson's included; L. Leeman, "The voice of T XI B."

If you should ever pass by, these are phrases you might overhear: Oswald, "Got any coppers?"; Shantz, "Want a fat eye?"; Groff, "Look out, you'll scratch my lenses"; Warren, "Let's go to a show this aft"; Mr. Dickson, "How old are you?"

But there is one thing that puzzles T XI B. Why does Mr. Downes always tell us to sit straight, with our hands out of our pockets, while he stands, hands in his pockets, his legs around the nearest desk? Probably we'll never know.

TECHNICAL X A

T X A is the home of first-class debating. It may be due to the fact that we are an all-girls' class and proud of it. We are interested in boys too, as "Mousie" Dowe's remark, "I haven't any experience with boys, yet," proves. At the other extreme, we have Delphine Gofton, whose collection of Navy Identification discs shows her to be a woman of the world. But twenty years from now we will be so much more interesting. Here is T X A in the future:

Mary Jane Herbst—Our "Veronica"

Jean MacKenzie—Soap-box singer

Carol Snyder—Still writing letters to — — ?

Ruth Umbach — Dorothy Lamour the second

Willie Wildfang—Woolworth's new manageress

Judy Siebert—Still a "Lady of Leisure"

Joy Dark—Mathematics teacher

Joyce Kirk—"Still flute'n away"

Marion Falconbridge — Mrs. Miller and Family

Betty Hiller—Professor Hiller.

Helen Leis—Housewife

Isabel Wiekens — Admiral of the fleet

Betty Kalbfleisch—Still using those simple excuses

Joyce Bowman—K.-W. Hospital (hunting for a young intern)

Shirley Moss—Still improving her laugh

Marion Mueller—Freak Moron in a Museum

Delphine Gofton—Still jerkin' sodas

Jean Alexander—Still hunting (A Man)

Betty Doerr—Professional Knitter

Feil Sisters—Running a bake shop.

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TECHNICAL X B

Mr. Hodge thinks that T X B (his home form) is tops in class spirit, enthusiasm, and good looks (Girls please note!) Why, when Bob Putnam lets go that elusive smile of his, no one could resist. But unfortunately, Bob is very preoccupied with his hobby of fancy lettering. Bill Young is the class "Wolf"—or so his conversation would lead us to believe. We wonder if that is the reason why he accepts his history detentions so willingly. Ken Dykeman is a firm believer in vitamins. One day he brought a carton of malted milk to school. Unfortunately as he tried to sneak a drink, the teacher caught him, took the carton and gave it to Doug Lacey who loves chocolate milk. Dave Martin is our super athlete. Not only is he our sports representative, but he takes part in the games as well.

The wallets of T X B are kept empty by our two ardent Red Cross representatives, Wilfred Schwichtenberg and Don Kraft. We pay for everything from misbehaviour to forgotten salvage. Norman Hett, because of his first-hand knowledge of scrap-paper, is our efficient Salvage representative. A form like this can't help but make a success in life—as Mr. Hodge hopes.

TECHNICAL X C

T X C is a fine upstanding form. Howard McKeown, Clyde Pope and Harvey Schedewitz see that we do our bit for the war. Roy Mark set us an example the day he brought in 175 pennies in a paper bag for War Savings Stamps. When questioned about the pennies, he refused to answer. No one to date has solved the case, but we are willing to bet our money, all two coppers, that Roy cleaned up in a crap game or that somebody is minus a penny bank. We are thinkers too, as represented by Don Mason who asked Mr. St. Amond one day, how one could bore a square hole. But we have our lighter moments, for boys will be boys. In the Science room, Bill (live-wire) Craven, bored with trying to become educated, began squirting water at Carl Toushan. Carl protested, saying in damp tones, "Cut it out! I haven't any soap with me." But in school work, alas—

"We do all our homework
And don't have it done;
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TECHNICAL IX A

Gather 'round all, and listen to the antics, capers and genius of that all-girls form of T IX A.

Mr. Dickson: "Give me a word that I will not be able to spell in semaphore."

Voice from back: "Impossible."

* * *

Miss Douglas: "What grows on the coast of Australia where there is a great amount of rainfall?"

Doris R. (dreaming of I wonder-who): "People".

* * *

Wanted by T IX A:

1. The regular (or even semi-regular) attendance of Sylvia K. and Marjorie B.

2. A movie scout to take our singing star, Sylvia K., off our hands. Her singing is driving us bugs! ! !

On December 17, 1943, we debated against the men (?) of T X D. Topic — "Wealth is more the cause of crime than is poverty", and we upheld the affirmative. Our eloquent speakers were Eleanor Ainlay, Marion Badke, Edith Holub, Luella Spee, Annie Dick and Mary Augustine.

P.S.—We won.

TECHNICAL IX B

In that little cubby-hole, Room 212, resides a goony bunch of guys and gals known collectively as T IX B. It can't claim any wonderful mental ability but we aren't too dumb (sometimes). Perhaps there's nothing in our heads, but gee, some of them are good to look at. Take Joan Playford, for instance, or no, maybe you shouldn't. Miss Augustine asked Miss Playford, "Joan, when will you be finished making yourself beautiful?" Joan, innocently, "I'm finished now."

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TECHNICAL IX C

Sigh, sigh — no, don't be mistaken! The girls aren't swooning over Sinatra. The explanation is simple. It's Lorne Voll's laugh. Haven't you heard about it? T IX C is the one and only form of glamo-oo-oo-r boys in the school. We are young but not inexperienced. Even Miss Saari dotes on our class of demi-movie stars. Ah! sweet is the age between Tom Barron and Don Knechtel.

* * *

Ken Swartz asked Miss Saari the all important question: "Do you think smoking affects mentality?"

Miss Saari's reply: "That depends on whether the person has any mentality in the first place."

Maybe that's why Miss Saari asked Ken to read a sentence with a description of a monkey in it. (Is there any similarity?—Ed.)

* * *

R. Braun has found an ideal excuse when Miss Nairn orders him to stay in. He takes guitar lessons! We wonder how long he'll string her along on that.

TECHNICAL IX D

Here's that form again with the lowdown on some of our hard-working students. (Whom are we trying to kid?)

Jack Dunnnington, our conscientious Council representative, might appreciate a little tutoring in spelling. 'Don't laugh, Jack, Mr. Thompson doesn't think it's funny.

Walter Ozark, Ken Hall, and Ralph Bauer are worthy additions to the Poster Club. Keep up the good work, boys.

Could it be that Teddy Czarny was over patriotic when he handed in his Literature text book to boost the Salvage collection.

* * *

We Wonder . . .

When Mr. Unwin will stop saying "Attenshaw"?

If a neat note-book is the way to Mr. King's heart?

What would Mr. Laing do for canned goods if one of his students didn't work in a local grocery store?

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When will Mr. Thompson succeed in teaching us some grammar that we won't forget.

TECHNICAL IX E

What a form is T IX E! Just chuck full of character, or should we say "characters". There is Delbert Pointon who never brings his gymsuit to class; Ross Wick, the King of T IX E; Allen Winkler and Howard Suble, whose special interest is the second floor where girls are to be found; Carl Sanders, whose main food is doughnuts; Glen Schott, who loves playing with battery caps.

And you should hear us debate! Laverne Windsor was so overcome by the "women" in the Assembly Hall that he stood, stared and finally managed to utter a few words off the subject. But once we got going, even Mr. Thompson had trouble stopping us. By the end we didn't know whether we preferred buses or street cars. What a form!!!

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